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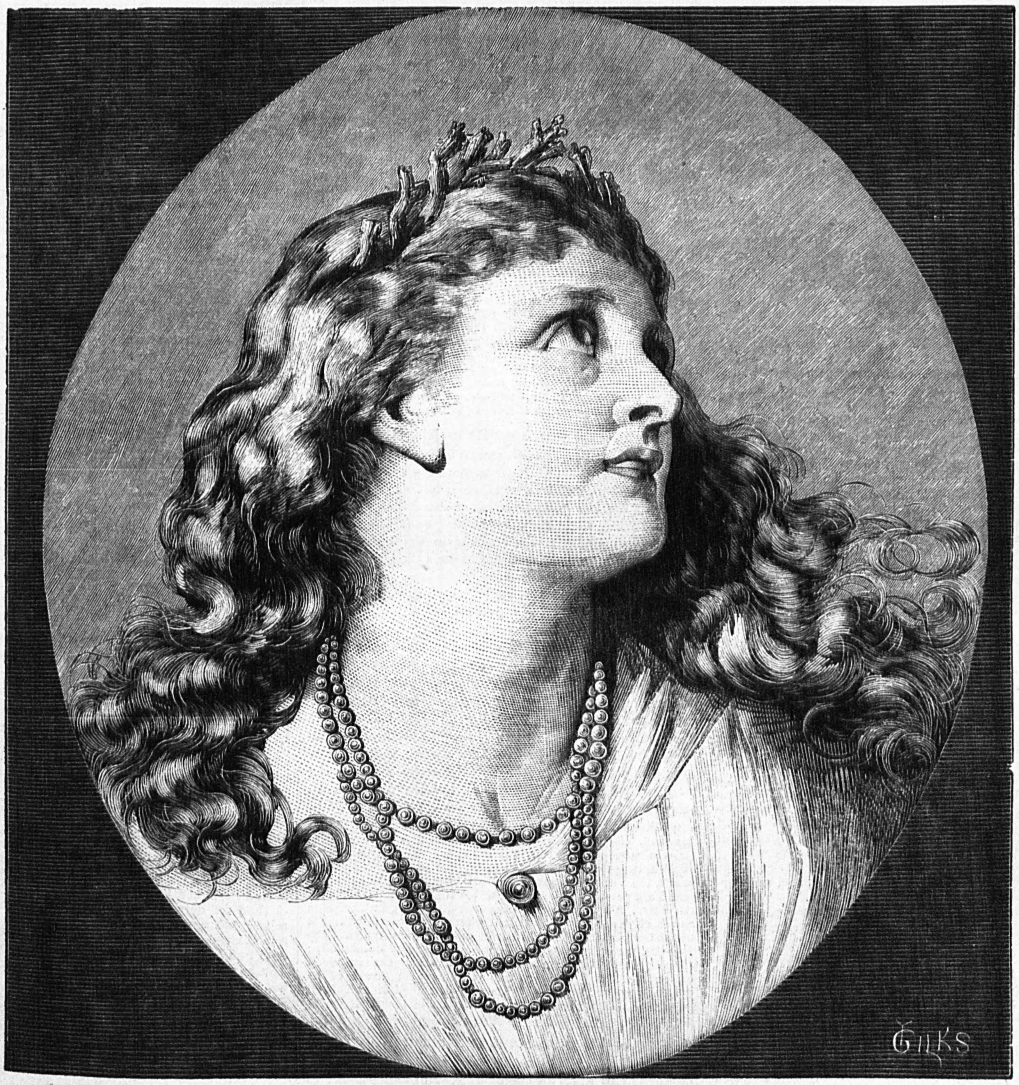


MIRANDA.—BY C. F. DICKSEE.

THE GERMAN PEACE.

ENGLISHMEN who believe in real progress and the ultimate overthrow of those evil forces which meet us and try to bar our passage at every stage, look wistfully across the German Ocean at the triumphal festival of conquest and peace at Berlin. "What is to come of it?" we are all asking. We are no more afraid of Germany than we have been afraid of any predominant military Power in Europe in times past. We have a pretty confident feeling that whatever befalls we shall be able to hold our own. It is not possible that we should make mistakes similar to those whereof France has so grievously suffered, and we are not likely to be forced from our position in the course of twelve months, or in the course of twelve years, by the strongest pressure that might be brought to bear against us. It is not by reason of any distinct sense of danger that we feel anxious to know the real tendency and outcome of these stupendous German triumphs. It is rather in the interests of our race and in the interests of humanity that we watch the signs of public feeling and the tone and character of public rejoicing in the Prussian capital and throughout the States of the German Empire.

Are these conquerors true believers in the creed of peace? They are dreadfully warlike. The military habit is strong upon them. They are soldiers from their cradles, and soldiers so long as life remains. This is at least the Prussian character. Their common vocabulary is that of the barracks. More important to them is their drill than their apprenticeship. They study arms and military movements as other people study the science of daily life. It has been the policy of the present generation of leading politicians at Berlin to gain the nation's ends at any price of force and at any sacrifice of blood. Prussia cannot be held quite blameless in the beginning even of the war that has ended for her so fortunately and for France with so full a measure of calamity. It may possibly be for the ultimate good of Europe that Germany should be united and capable of bidding defiance, for ages to come, to all who might challenge her position; but whether that be so or not Prussia had resolved to secure for herself that position, whatever the cost; and for this reason, not less than because of the folly and the indefensible ambition of France, Europe has had to stand by and witness the dreadful war that has ended in the destruction of Paris, the half ruin of France, the making of the German Empire, and the festival last Saturday at Berlin. Is this to be the end of Prussia's war-making?

A great many people in this country are ready to answer "Yes." We hope they have good warrant for their faith. They may be right. But are they not judging from a too limited view of facts? So glaringly did France place herself in the wrong in the beginning of this war, and so strongly have the succeeding events in France tended to strengthen the feeling of those who were disposed to look favourably upon the motives and movements of Germany, that the history of a few years anterior to the outbreak of this war is almost forgotten. We are bound, however, to call to mind, at a time like this, the action of these conquerors with regard to Austria, with regard to Denmark, with regard to the Germanic Confederation and the free Teutonic countries which became Prussian after the war of 1866. If the policy of the Court of Berlin has now come to its full fruition, then there may be hope for peace in Europe; if not, the days of blood are not yet over.

Our trust, however, such as it is, we place in the great German people, who have now, and in the course of the last quarter of a century, thrown in their lot, willingly or unwillingly, with Prussia. We can hardly believe that the comparatively small section of the new empire which has Berlin for its capital can carry the same sway in the imperial councils that she has carried of late in the councils of that part of Germany with which she has been closely allied. Bavaria, Baden, Wurtemburg, and Saxony are strong Powers, possessing great independence of feeling. It may be that these newly-added States, and those which have been in close alliance with Prussia as a part of the North German Confederation, will know how to secure a great deal of imperial consideration so soon as the influence of the war and its conquests has died out somewhat in the currency of events; and if Germany be true to herself and to her traditions of peace, industry, and good-will towards all other Powers and peoples, the very making of the German Empire may be the means of checking, and of finally overcoming, the dominating and too warlike tendencies of Prussia.

It will be well for the other nations of Europe, and for England especially, to cultivate a good understanding with the peoples of South and Central Germany. We hope to have no quarrel, nor to live in terms other than those of the most friendly relations, with that portion of the empire which has been known hitherto as the Prussian nation; but Prussia will, in spite of anything we may do, carry herself with a certain pride of military greatness which will not always be pleasing to her neighbours. The remedy for any difficulty which hence may arise we must look for among those brave and generous Teutons who, though they did not really like Prussia, and though they held their own in independence of her until an enemy was at the gate, fought most bravely side by side with their kindred in the time of trial, and did so much to win for Germany the victory. Those peoples have not joined the empire without grave thought. They will not allow their opinion and their influence to go for nought. The coming political history of the new empire we shall all watch with intense interest, hoping to see Prussian policy, and Prussian will, tempered by the genius and good feeling of Southern and Central Germany.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

THE SERPENTINE IN THE EVENING.

STRANGERS are generally the best sketchers of salient aspects, life, and manners. A good observer on a flying visit will often give a better report of what is really notable than one who spends his days on the scene which he attempts to describe. There is a freshness and a vividness in the following hasty picture of a spectacle in London, which renders it well worth reproducing, though it is avowedly written by a provincial on a bare three days' trip to the metropolis. We quote from the *Warrington Guardian*:—

> "But what can Hyde Park show from eight to nine? Why, a thousand-and-one 'human forms divine,' swimming like fish in the Serpentine. The fun begins before eight. Lads meet lads, and chaff and romp, and play at leap-frog. They are all working boys—thin, pallid, alley-looking. But, have they not got exclusive use of a large slice of Hyde Park for an hour? Are not half a dozen 'bobbies'—good-natured fellows—watching them, and won't the Royal Humane send boats to overlook them? These combinations for causes of decorum are enough. Not an oath, not a filthy word, not an attempt at a 'row' is heard or seen. There are roars of laughter, sallies of wit, feats of jumping, leaping, and running; but all are but 'put-offs' till the clock points the hour for immersion. A policeman is the starter. 'Off, all of you,' is the cry as the clock strikes eight; and then what a scene of life, swarming and running in perfect nudity. All females have been warned off long before. Shoes are long since off; stockings ditto—where there are any; braces unbuttoned, neckerchiefs loose, waistcoats put away; everything, in fact, in the condition cf the lobster when ready to slip its shell. At the first sound of 'Away,' they are off by the hundred—become naked as if by magic. It is a point of honour who shall be first in the Serpentine. Is there nothing to fear? No danger of these little morsels of humanity drowning in fifteen feet of water? Not much. Little boys, like little boats, are taught to keep near the shore. Then there are big brothers carrying little brothers on their backs, giving them a few ducks, and sending them ashore, while they disport in the placid and almost pellucid waters so dear to a Londoner. Near by are three boats with drags, and floats, and kindly looking men—men right royally humane, who darted from the other side when the clock struck eight, and are moving about very carefully among the shoal of human heads, and ever and anon eyeing those whose daring takes them half across the lake. And what mirth! splashing, leaping, heading, ducking—every phase of bathing, save real swimming, is gone through. Swimmers there are but few among the crowd. But time passes. Even London lads can't stand in the water for ever. They get ashore, and then the fun is fast and furious. Races come off without even the semblance of clothing, except among those grown up. And they do run, and no mistake. Some take to rubbing each other dry. Some to hair-dressing in the most original manner. Others dress their little brothers with evident kindness, and listen to the wonderful tales of how many ducks Johnny took, and how high the water was over Willie's knees before he turned to come out. There is a something in the London lad which is attractive—a natural politeness to all, including their play and workfellows. Again and again we were asked to tell the time, the happy hour of eight seeming as if it never would arrive. In every case the request was prefaced with—'If you please.' We congratulate the London lads on their bathing facilities at the West-end, and have pleasure in recording how good was their behaviour when we saw near a thousand-and-one disporting in the Serpentine within the happy hour of from eight to nine."

THE PROGRESS OF ROAD REFORM.

The noise in the London streets is deafening and bewildering. You cannot talk to the lady on your right arm—you cannot hear a word she says. It is frightful travelling for the horses, too, over those uneven blocks of stone; and when the poor quadruped falls—as fall it must sooner or later—the crash upon the knee-pan is terrible. It may be that the surface of highways like those of London, to stand the extraordinary wear and tear, must be very hard, and that it is very difficult, if not impossible, in the present condition of road-making, to contrive a carriage way at once durable and not slippery. This seems to be so, because horses fall in Cheapside, on the asphalte, quite as frequently as upon the stones; but with this advantage, that they hurt themselves less in the fall, and, springing up, go on as if nothing had happened. We mentioned a week or two since an extension of the asphalte road system in Lombard-street; we have now to report further progress. We give the news in the words of the "Gossiper" of our London district contemporary, the *St. Pancras and Holborn Journal*:—

> "What a blessing is in store for the inhabitants of Gray's Inn-road. Noise, the monarch of London, is no longer to claim a monopoly of this thoroughfare. The lease having expired, the property reverts to 'comparative quiet.' In other words, the Val de Travers Company is going to replace the present York paving with asphalte, which is guaranteed to last for ten years. All who have seen the asphalte paving in Cheapside and in High Holborn must admit what a great contrast there is to the terrible din characteristic of most London streets. The asphalte, there is no denying, deadens the noise wonderfully; and, what with its giving an even surface, making the roads look better, and being cheaper, the advantages in favour of its general introduction are such as to recommend it to all local boards of works. I wish the inhabitants of Gray's Inn-road joy in their prospect of 'quiet.'"

UNDERGROUND TRAVELLING.

In this London Note Book, some weeks ago, we gave expression to a very general complaint with respect to the Metropolitan Railway between Gower-street and King's Cross. The sulphurous vapour between those stations is very hard to bear, and we hoped that either science or engineering would soon contrive a remedy. We find now, by a report of proceedings before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, that new ventilating shafts are to be constructed in Euston-road, and the company have raised, upon the ground of their plans for this purpose, an objection to the laying down of the new omnibus tramway along Euston-road. We quote from a report in the London district newspaper above mentioned:—

> "Another objection made by the Metropolitan Railway Company was, that they had obtained an Act of Parliament to construct ventilating shafts for the comfort of their passengers in the middle of Euston-road, and if the tramways were laid down, as proposed, in the centre, they would be prevented from doing it. The promoters of the tramways in Euston-road petitioned against these shafts, not to prevent them so much, as to obtain some alteration in their position; but the Committee of the House of Lords ruled that they had no *locus standi*. The company had now agreed to construct their lines round these ventilating shafts, and not across them, which could be easily done. Replying to the Chairman, Mr. Pope said that the ventilating shafts were to be put in the middle of the road, and would act as refuges."

Between the Tramway Company and that of the Underground Railway, the public of North London are likely to be well served in the matter of facilities for locomotion. Steam under the road and a horse-railway upon it, running on the same line, between the same points! We only want a balloon traffic overhead to complete the system.

"GOSSIP."

We quoted last week Mr. Edmund Yates's reply to a "London Letter" in the *Western Daily Mercury*. We know not whether the anonymous gentleman has put on record any defence, or whether he has let so conspicuous a London journalist and man of letters as Mr. Yates have his own way entirely; but we have evidence that the *Flâneur* has not yet put out the light of this particular London correspondent. Perhaps the letter-writer rather likes to elicit such notices of his work as that which we transferred from the Plymouth journal to our columns last week, and if so it may be that he would be glad to "draw out" a still more famous author and a still warmer writer of "replies," in the shape of the author of "Foul Play." Has Mr. Charles Reade seen this passage in the last London Letter of the unknown gentleman in question? If not, we hope it will reach him through the medium of these columns, in order that we may have the pleasure of reading his rejoinder in the course of the next few days:—

> "It is well that we should sometimes see ourselves as others see us. It is also well that others should sometimes see us as we see ourselves. Mr. Charles Reade gives us his portrait drawn by his own pen in a novel which is now appearing in a cheap periodical. 'A Terrible Temptation' has a baronet, of course, like all novels of the period, and this baronet is sent to a lunatic asylum. His wife, desirous to obtain his release, consults a clergyman, who is of opinion that 'what we want is a man of genius, of invention, a man who will see every chance, take every chance lawful or unlawful, and fight with all manners of weapons.' The distressed lady immediately exclaims, 'Ah! Who?' The clergyman replies, 'He is a writer, and opinions vary as to his merit. Some say he has talent; others say it is all eccentricity and affectation. One thing is certain—his books bring about the changes he demands.' Accordingly the lady visits the wonderful author, whose garden 'runs up to the wall of Hyde Park.' She sees the great man. 'He looked neither like a poet nor a drudge, but a great fat country farmer. He was rather tall, very portly, smallish head, common-place features, mild brown eye, not very bright, short beard, and wore a suit of tweed all one colour. Such looked the writer of romances founded on fact.' Such is Mr. Charles Reade. Such also is the English he writes. The picture is not an unfaithful one of the writer about whose merit opinions differ."

"LONDON LETTERS."

We have received from Mr. Arthur Hamilton, sole representative of Messrs. Hamilton and Co., of Stationers' Hall-court, a letter in reference to our remarks last week upon Mr. Edmund Yates as a London Letter writer. Mr. Hamilton states that Mr. Yates was not writing the London correspondence in question for "Mr. Montgomery," but for Messrs. Hamilton and Co.

A CURIOUS MISTAKE.—A curious story is told respecting the small-pox hospital at Hampstead by the *Hampstead and Highgate Express*. A woman, it is stated, who had occupied a bed in one of the wards, was reported to her husband as being dead. The necessary funeral arrangements were accordingly made by the widower, who himself followed the supposed remains of his deceased wife to the grave. To his astonishment, and it is to be hoped to his delight, the lady whose obsequies had thus been celebrated returned home about a fortnight after the funeral in a state of extreme surprise at not having received any intelligence during that period from her husband and family, whom she found clothed in deep mourning. The explanation of this misadventure was that the woman had been removed to a convalescent ward, and another patient who afterwards died had been put into the bed she originally occupied. The name of the first patient having been inadvertently left up at the head of the bed caused the mistake which gave rise to so much pain and pleasure. If the facts stated are correct, there would seem to be room for improvement in the arrangements as well as in the site of this hospital. Had the disconsolate husband during the interval which elapsed between the funeral of his wife and her return to the domestic circle embarked in a second marriage, one of the two ladies would have had just ground for dissatisfaction.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Good Spirits.—Every one has frequently experienced sudden personal changes from gaiety to gloom. The wind and weather oft receive the blame when a faulty digestion is the sole cause of the depression. Holloway's Pills can be honestly recommended for regulating a disordered stomach and thereby improving digestion. They entirely remove the sense of fulness and oppression after eating. They clear the furred tongue and act as a wholesome stimulant to the liver, and as a gentle aperient to the bowels. They healthfully rouse both body and mind. Holloway's Pills are the best known antidotes for want of appetite, nausea, flatulency, heartburn, languor, depression, and that painful apathy which is so characteristic of chronic derangement of the digestion. [24

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IT has been officially ascertained that the number of insurgents killed and wounded in Paris between the 21st of May and June 1 was 18,000.

IT is stated that the French manufacturers will be able to turn out 500,000 rifles a year.

IT is stated on good authority that the French Loan will be issued on the 26th inst., should the Bill on the loan be passed by that date.

THE sanitary condition of Paris is good, the abundant rain which has fallen having cleared the streets and drains.

BUSINESS continues to improve in the industrial quarters of France.

THE foundation-stone of new abattoirs or slaughter-houses for Manchester was laid a few days ago by the Mayor of the city. The cost of the building will be about £30,000.

A TELEGRAM is published from Bombay of Saturday's date which says that, according to the latest advices, Yakoob Khan continues in possession of Herat.

A SHOWER of black rain (like ink) is reported to have fallen at Norton, near Worcester, on Tuesday evening, the 6th inst.

IN South Carolina the Governor offers a reward of £125 apiece for captured Ku-Klux.

IT is proposed to have a public park for Leeds.

BRITISH officers are by order excluded from the German dockyards and arsenals.

AN Illinois thief recently stole the lightning rod on a church.

A NUMBER of roughs broke into and ransacked St. Patrick's Protestant Church, Waterford, a few nights ago.

FROM Buenos Ayres the advices on the present occasion announce that the recent epidemic had almost entirely subsided, and that the inhabitants were returning to the city.

AT the Guildhall on Saturday, William Frank Gosnay, who is charged with attempting to murder Dr. de Meschin, was again brought up before Sir Robert Carden. The medical evidence showed that Dr. de Meschin was still in a very dangerous condition, and the prisoner was again remanded.

A STATEMENT is published in the *Observer* that Professor Mountague Bernard is to be made a Privy Councillor as a testimony to his services in connection with the Washington Treaty.

ANOTHER manifesto has been issued by the International Society in Paris. The section from which it emanates refuses to be assimilated with the "bandits who have burnt Paris," and declares that the struggle was an honest one against despotism, with the view of crushing capitalists and monopolists.

A CERTAIN number of the sixty Swiss who had been arrested for having taken part in the late insurrection have been released; those who remain under arrest are natives of the Tessin and Valaio Cantons, and are detained in the Camp of Satory.

PRINCE JOHN of Glucksburg left Marlborough House on Saturday afternoon for Dover *en route* for Denmark. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh accompanied his Highness to the Charing-cross Station. The Hon. A. T. Fitzmaurice attended Prince John to Dover.

THE Duke of Edinburgh visited the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie at Chiselhurst on Saturday.

BETWEEN eleven and twelve o'clock on Saturday night a fire broke out in the Tyne Docks in a large building 400 feet long by 90 feet wide, stored with esparto grass. In the course of an hour the building was reduced to ruins, and it is estimated that damage has been done to the extent of £25,000.

THE *Northern Echo* understands that at the next election Mr. Cowen will retire from the representation of Newcastle, and that "a well-known Cleveland iron-master and an alderman of the Tyneside capital" will be solicited to offer himself in the Liberal interest.

MR. SHAW LEFEVRE voted by mistake with the "Ayes" in the division on Lord G. Hamilton's proposed clause in the Army Bill.

IT is stated that a marriage is arranged between the Earl of Ilchester and Lady Mary Dawson.

SEVERAL European Sovereigns have sent autograph letters to the Pope congratulating him on his jubilee. Queen Victoria's felicitations, it is stated, were sent by the telegraph, and his Holiness, by the same medium, conveyed his blessing to Her Majesty and the Royal Family.

A NUMBER of the Communists are believed to have arrived in Rome. Foreigners of a low class have changed an extraordinary quantity of 100-franc French gold pieces.

THE *Journal de Paris* says that Marshal M'Mahon purposes informing M. Thiers that he intends to retire into private life immediately on the state of siege in Paris being terminated. The fatigues of two campaigns, together with the effects of the wound received at Sedan, render him desirous of some rest.

A CARRIER pigeon has been caught at Lowestoft with a number of French postage stamps and letters attached to its wings. It is supposed to have been sent from Paris during the late siege, and hitherto escaped detention.

THE *Morning Post* is informed upon excellent authority that the reason why M. Thiers has indefinitely postponed the Great Review at Longchamps is because he was given to understand that the regiments would certainly march past with the cry of "Vive l'Empereur."

THE statement that the Duc de Persigny has arrived at Versailles is without foundation. The Duke is still in London.

THE *Opinion Nationale* asserts that Millière has been seen in Liverpool.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS has written to *Figaro*, declining to stand as candidate for a seat in the National Assembly.

ADVICES from Madrid report most favourably on the prospects of the harvest in Spain. During 1871 it is believed the country will be able to make shipments to the value of £10,000,000 or £12,000,000. Great expectations, it is said, are also entertained as to the wine and oil crops this year.

THE cable from Marseilles to Algiers, which furnishes a direct and independent line for the transmission of telegraphic messages between France and her Algerian colony, has been successfully laid.

THE *Siècle* comments severely upon the tyrannical behaviour of the Prussians in the invaded provinces.

WHEN the Brazilian Ministry applied to the Legislature to sanction the journey of the Emperor and Empress to Europe. and to appoint the Princess Dona Isabel as Regent, the House of Representatives, in acceding to the motion, proposed a grant of £200,000 for their Majesties' expenses, and those of the Princess during her Regency. This offer, however, was declined by His Majesty, who declared that he should defray the whole from his private purse.

IT is stated from Paris that the Five per Cent. Loan of £80,000,000 will be issued at the price of 82 fr. The allowances, including interest on paying up the instalments in full, will, it is said, reduce this price to 79 fr. 80 c. net.

IT is anticipated by the *Morning Post* that there will be several changes among Her Majesty's diplomatic representatives at the principal European Courts in the course of the ensuing autumn; Lord Bloomfield intending to vacate his post at Vienna and retire upon pension.

IT is reported that the Duke of Madrid (Don Carlos) has set out for London to arrange differences among the leaders of his party.

A GOOD many arrests have been made in connection with the anti-Papal riot at Brussels. The authorities see the hand of the International Society at the back of the disturbances.

THE London correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* writes:—Only the greatest need could bring England to the introduction of obligatory military service. If Germany should ever feel the want of making England a respectable military State, she would need only for one year to appear to be constructing vessels for the conquest of England, to study English topography, to order waterproof clothing for soldiers, and to distribute English conversational phrase-books among the regiments of the Guards. Such indications, clearly published, might help the English to a strong army. Anything else or less will hardly ever do it.

IT is stated that Captain Grosvenor will not again offer himself as a candidate in Westminster.

ACCORDING to the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily News*, the relations between France and Germany are not satisfactory. What the correspondent calls "the truculent and self-confident tone" of the French papers is looked upon as the reverse of reassuring. The writer adds, "I believe there is no doubt that instructions have just been transmitted to stop the return from France of the German troops under orders to leave, as well as temporarily to discontinue the surrender of the remaining prisoners."

A MASS meeting of engineers on strike at Newcastle was held on Town Moor, on Monday. There were 5,000 present. It was resolved that the men will, on no account, recommence work on any other terms than fifty-four hours per week.

THE *Echo du Nord* says that the Commission considering the reorganisation of the French army has decided upon an active force of 360,000, and a reserve of 900,000. There are some opinions in favour of a higher figure, but none in favour of a lower.

A MERCANTILE firm at Nertchinsk (Eastern Siberia) has, says the *Eastern Budget*, opened a new road for caravans to Pekin and Tien-tsin, which is 700 versts shorter than that from Kiachta. This road proceeds direct to the south by the Mongolo-Chinese town of Dolon-Nor, or "the seven lakes"—a place of some importance on account of its large foundries.

A TRADE outrage is again reported from Sheffield. Two non-unionists, named Storey and Gamble, employed by a manufacturer named Rockingham, found their anvil filled with gunpowder. The discovery was made in time to prevent an explosion. An attempt was made to injure both men some time since, and Storey was badly hurt. Their refusal to belong to the trade union is assigned as the only reason for the persecution they are exposed to.

THE British barque *Conway*, from Cardiff for Quebec, arrived at Queenstown on Monday. The crew having mutinied, ten of the mutineers were brought on shore by the police.

THE fruit crop, says the *Gardener's Magazine*, has been in many districts thinned to a terrible extent by the ravages of the small grubs which always infest fruit trees at this time of the year. The first promise of a crop was most encouraging, and generally speaking there is promise of a good crop still. But it is quite common now to find trees, both on walls and in orchards, that were a short time since covered with healthy embryo fruit, not only denuded of the callow crop, but rendered all but leafless by the depredations of vermin.

PLANS for the assassination of the Pope have been discovered at Rome. Many low characters have recently been seen in the Vatican, on the pretext of visiting servants, and great precautions are now taken.

A SHOCKING occurrence is reported from Wayford, near Crewkerne. Whilst George Perry, a labourer in the employment of Mr. Wyatt, of Bere Chapel Farm, was attending a bull the animal turned suddenly round and gored him so badly that death ensued very shortly afterwards. The bull had not been considered savage, and had not attacked any one before.

AT the Marlborough-street Police-court, a cab-driver applied to Mr. Knox for a summons for non-payment of a cab fare. He stated that he was called from the Berners-street stand to a house in Oxford-street and there found a lady of enormous size. Fearing her weight might break down his cab, he declined to take her, upon which the gentleman who had called him refused to pay him his demand of 1s. The facts were not disputed. After some further conversation the gentleman paid the applicant his demand, and compensated him for his trouble in attending.

A MALE inmate of Oldham Union Workhouse, who had been suffering from *delirium tremens*, escaped the vigilance of his watcher on the 1st instant, and his body was afterwards found in a cistern used for the domestic purposes of the establishment. The horrible discovery was only made by the fact that several of the inmates complained of the offensiveness of the water they were drinking.

IT is reported that the Chinese Government has asked Russia to assist it in putting down the insurrection of the Dungans. A Russian paper suggests that as the price of this assistance Russia should demand the cession of the territory between Ugra Uliasuta and Sungara and Noppa, in Northern Mongolia. This district has very few inhabitants, and is very fertile, thus being admirably suited for colonisation.

THE Americans have commenced an expedition against Corea, Japan. The Coreans fired upon a reconnoitring party, and a general shelling ensued, the Americans capturing a fort. The Admiral has telegraphed to Washington that he will continue his operations unless countermanded.

ON Tuesday evening the governor of Newgate (Mr. Jonas) received an intimation from the Home Office to the effect that Her Majesty had been pleased to respite the lad, Claude Scott Woolley, who was convicted at the last sessions of the Central Criminal Court of the murder of Samuel Lee at Brompton in August last, the jury adding to their verdict a strong recommendation to mercy. The execution had been fixed for Monday next.

THE tax returns for the financial year 1870-71 show an increase of about £100,000 in the probate duty. Two large sums were received—one of £25,500, in a case where the personal property left by the deceased was valued at £1,800,000, and a payment of £46,500 in another instance where the personal property was valued at £3,200,000.

THE *Eastern Budget* says:—The Austrian clerical papers express great indignation at the order given to Baron Kübeck, the Austro-Hungarian ambassador at Florence, to follow the Italian Government to Rome. They ascribe this measure to the anti-clerical influence exercised upon the Emperor by Count Beust.

A PET bear of the 4th Foot was being conveyed in a train from Birkenhead to Aldershot, in charge of two soldiers, when, like the Duke of Edinburgh's elephant, it became much excited, and, attacking its keepers, severely bit them. They were compelled to jump out of the train for safety, and were much hurt, but are doing well. The bear also left the carriage, but was afterwards secured and shot.

ON Monday the cotton mill belonging to the Starcoat Company, Halifax, was burnt down, only the ground floor, which is fire-proof, being saved. The damage, about £20,000, is partially covered by insurance.

GERMAN TORPEDOES.—The *Globe* says:—"During the war the strictest secrecy was observed respecting the torpedoes with which the German coasts were protected, but now further information with respect to them has been laid before the public. Electrical torpedoes and those exploding by concussion were both employed. The latter were charged with seventy-five pounds of powder, and sunk to a depth of about three feet below the surface of the water. Those exploded from the shore by means of electricity were loaded with two centners of dualine, a charge which is equal in force to ten centners of powder. They were sunk at a depth of about eight feet. The torpedoes which the *Grille* endeavoured to place under the keels of the enemy's vessels were not a new invention, but the old offensive concussion torpedoes, fourteen inches in diameter and two feet in length, which did not prove very effective. Indeed, the war threw but little light on any question connected with these submarine defences. At Pillau torpedoes charged with four centners of powder were improvised. A company for laying and exploding these engines of war was formed at Kiel. In sinking and taking them up three accidents occurred, and fourteen lives were lost."

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

BEAUTIFUL HAIR.—THE PLAIN TRUTH.—If people will only use Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S PREPARATIONS, they will have no trouble about their Hair. Mrs. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER will positively and certainly restore the natural original colour in every case of greyness, no matter from what cause it arises—the hair is stimulated to natural growth. The "Zylobalsamum," as a hair-dressing for young and old, is the best article that can be used; it imparts a gloss and vigorous appearance to the hair very beautiful to see. The Restorer, 6s.; the Zylobalsamum, 3s. (Separate preparations—not at all necessary to be used together.)—Depôt, 266, High Holborn, London. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. [366

FLORILINE!!—For the Teeth and Breath.—A few drops of the FRAGRANT FLORILINE on a wet tooth brush produces a delightful foam, which cleanses the teeth from all impurities, strengthens and hardens the gums, prevents tartar, and arrests the progress of decay. It gives to the Teeth a peculiar and beautiful whiteness, and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed Teeth, a disordered stomach, or tobacco smoke. The Fragrant Floriline is purely vegetable, and equally adapted to old and young. It is the greatest Toilet discovery of the age. Sold in elegant cases, complete, at 2s. 6d., by all Chemists and Perfumers.—H. C. GALLUP, Proprietor, 493, Oxford-street, London. [156

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 252. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslins, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring and summer wear. [361

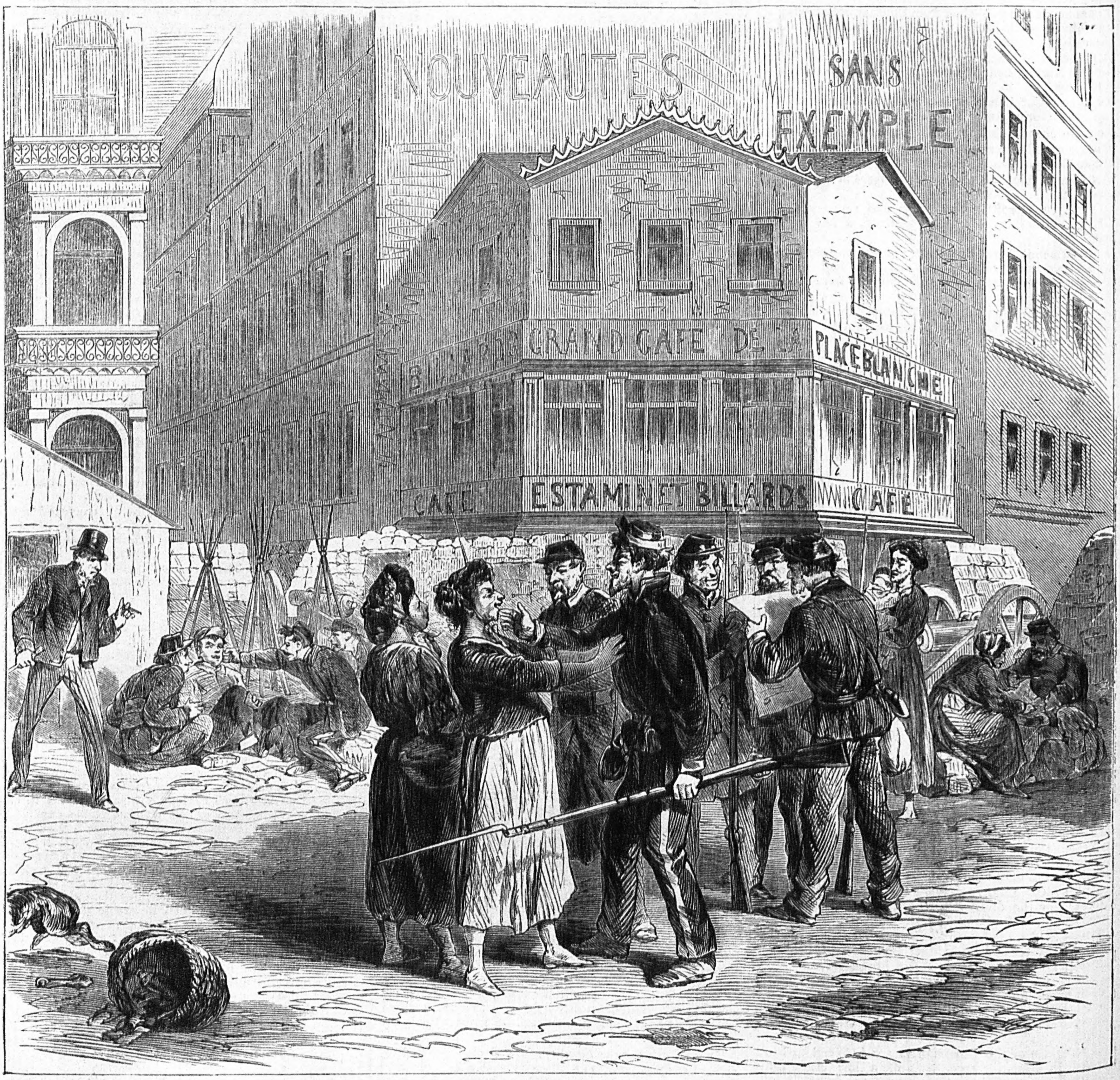
FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107

OUR PICTURES OF PARIS.

Our artist's sketch on this page is remarkably faithful. He has given us true types of the women who have played so conspicuous a part in the Paris disturbances; and as for the "soldiers," the first glance will convince the reader they are Communists—the men who completed the destruction commenced by the Prussians, and who fought so fiercely with their tongues, and were bravest where there was no danger. Our picture shows a barricade at the Place Blanche. To the left is a group of drunken citizens, sitting beside their piled arms, and quarrelling over cards. To the right another citizen is reading to his brother Reds the latest items of news concerning M. Thiers and the action to be taken by the Versailles troops. That Paris should have ever been reduced to such a miserable condition, and left to the mercy of such a wretched rabble, is lamentable; and although the reign of the Communists is over, it will be a long time before their grimy footprints are erased. What a contrast Paris presents to Berlin! One city is groaning under disorganisation and ruination—the other is all flags and decorations, with a rejoicing populace celebrating a great victory. There has been a triumphal entry of the troops, and Berlin is in a blaze of festivity.

On page 249 we give an illustration representing the ruins inside the village church at Perouse, near Belfort. The light streaming through the shattered window reveals nothing but a dismal wreck. The pulpit is demolished, the seats are levelled with the ground, and "glorious war" has left nothing whole. Belfort is one of the most important fortresses of France. It was laid out by Vauban. The town, numbering about 8,000 inhabitants, is seated on the Savoreuse.

On the same page we give a sketch, taken at the Arc de Triomphe, of the flight of the inhabitants of Neuilly during the bombardment. All classes and conditions of men seem to have been struck with the one idea that it was highly desirable to get out of the place as soon as possible. Men, women, and children, "butchers, bakers, and candle-stick makers," have all suddenly become tired of Neuilly, and are seeking fresh scenes and pastures new, with all the goods and chattels they can take with them. They have not been barbarous in their hurry—they are bringing the poor sick and wounded along with them. The artists, too (represented in the foreground), have done sketching at Neuilly, and being a peaceful tribe, are seeking a more quiet neighbourhood wherein to pursue their studies.

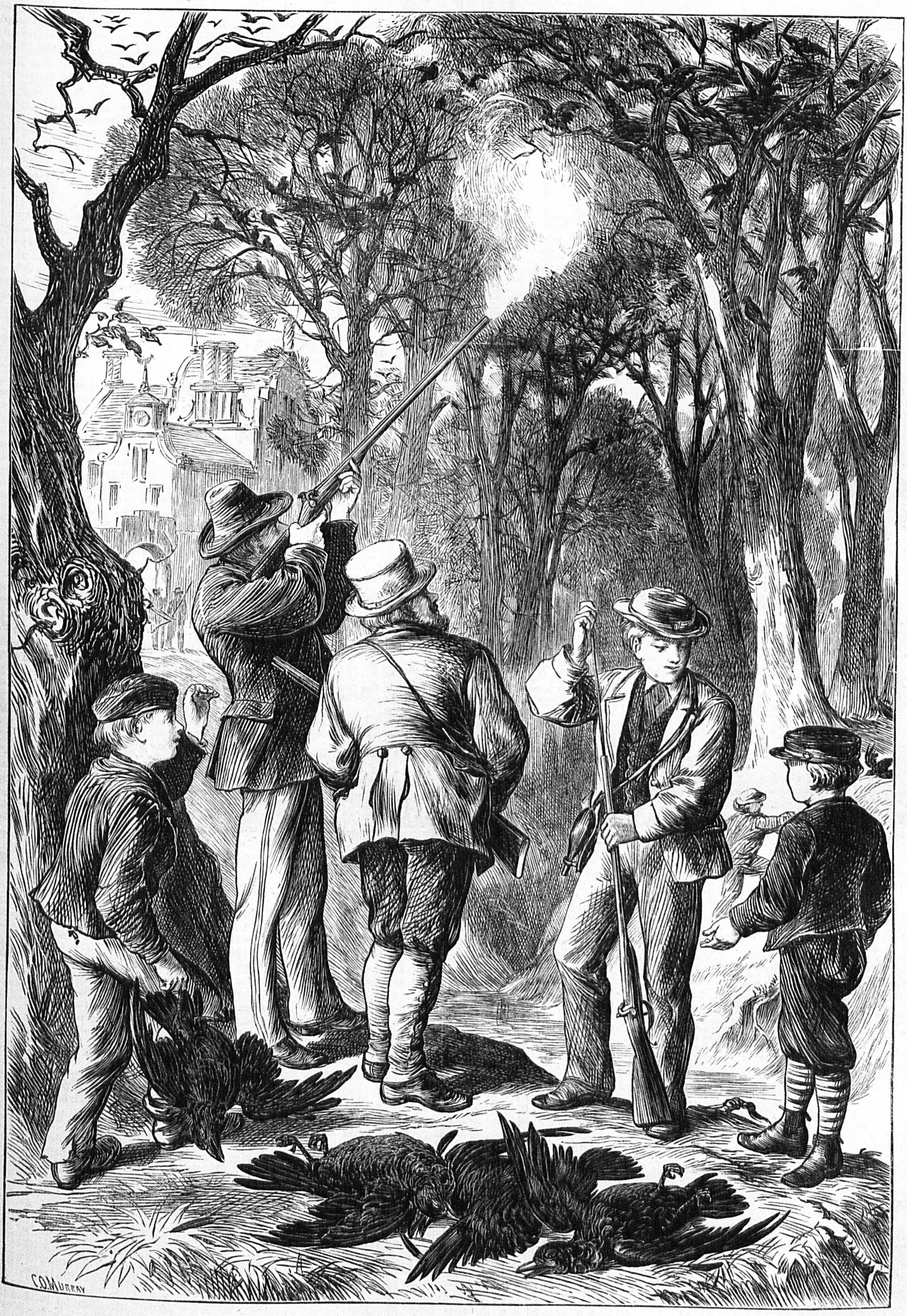


THE LATE PARIS REVOLUTION: Barricade at the Place Blanche.

FESTIVITIES AT BERLIN.

Sunday was kept as a solemn thanksgiving to Almighty God for the German victories. The Emperor attended Divine service, at which Dr. Hoffman preached. A "Te Deum" was sung on the occasion. On Saturday a Court dinner was given at the Royal Palace, the guests numbering about 700. The Emperor made the following speech:—"The day of commemoration and honour which was to hand to posterity a memorial of my Royal father, who led his people and army to imperishable renown and hitherto unknown prosperity, was intended to be passed amid the most profound peace. Providence, however, willed it otherwise. For a second time Prussia has been called upon, formerly with her allies and now in conjunction with the whole of Germany, to conquer, by victory after victory, unparalleled in magnitude and continuousness, the same enemy who had previously challenged her. It is for this reason that the cross in iron once more decorates the breasts of our valorous soldiers. At home all classes of the population of both sexes emulated one another in joyful self-sacrifice and neighbourly love. The people and the army of Germany stand out unsurpassed in the eyes of the world. I, therefore, now raise my glass in memory of the hero-King and in gratitude to my people." The Emperor shortly after again stood up and said:—"I propose a toast of thankfulness to now united Germany, to its monarchs and princes present and absent." After dinner there was a State performance in the Opera House, to which none were admitted except by special invitation. The following account is given by the correspondent of the *Telegraph*:—"The pit was exclusively filled with high military officers, all bearing their arms. The Civil Departments, the Foreign Deputations, and the Diplomatic Corps, occupied the proscenium. Nearly everybody wore Court costume, and, excepting the American Minister and myself, there was scarcely one in the theatre in plain evening dress. There was a profusion of scarves, medals, and gold embroidery. Some were dressed in the old-fashioned scarlet costumes of the Provincial Diets; some in showy naval uniforms, and some in the splendid robes of the Johanniter Ritter, looking for all the world like English field-marshals. The front row of the first tier was exclusively occupied by ladies; on the second tier were the maids of honour. At eight o'clock the Emperor and Empress, with their suite, entered in state, and all then rose in perfect silence. In return the Emperor and Empress bowed thrice formally. The Crown Princess was charmingly dressed in pale grey, and wore a tiara of diamonds. She looked to be in splendid health and spirits, and was seated on the right of the Emperor. Next to her were the Duchess of Baden, the Dowager Duchess of Mecklenburgh, and the Princess Alexandrine; while on the left of the Emperor were the Empress, the Crown Princess of Saxony, the Princess Frederic Charles, and the Duchess of Weimar. Immediately behind the Emperor sat the Crown Prince, and the box was filled with several other princes who are the guests of their Imperial Majesties. Altogether the spectacle was one of the most brilliant I have ever beheld. The prologue was spoken by Fraulein Erhardt. It was a mere panegyric of Frederick William III.; and, at its end, a picture of the monument was displayed. At sight of this the Emperor and all the house rose. Then followed an allegorical piece—'Heimkehr' is its name, Rodenburg is the author, and the music is by Eckert. After a long interval, during which the Emperor left the house, an historical monologue was given, narrating the legend of Barbarossa, and illustrated by *tableaux vivants*. When, at its end, there appeared an image of the Emperor on horseback, the house became greatly excited Every one began to cry 'Hoch!' the officers took off their helmets and waved them over and over again. The enthusiasm was great; and it was notable as the only mark of applause given during the evening. The Emperor bowed and then retired. All night long the streets were noisy with the shouts of military carousers."

The Three Choir Festivals.—The next festival of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester will be celebrated in the week commencing September 4, at Gloucester. The principals have been engaged and the oratorios selected. The novelties are two in number—an oratorio by Macfarren, "St. John the Baptist," and "Gideon," by Mr. Cusins. The other oratorios are: the "Messiah" (Handel), "Elijah" (Mendelssohn), the "Passion" (Bach), "Calvary" (Spohr), and Handel's "Te Deum," written in commemoration of the victory of Dettingen. The principals engaged are Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Cora de Wilhorst, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Signor Foli. Dr. S. S. Wesley, organist of Gloucester Cathedral, conducts, and Mr. G. H. Brown occupies his old post of secretary to the stewards.



ROOK SHOOTING.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE GRAND SALOON
SUMMER DINING ROOMS ARE NOW OPEN.
BERTRAM and ROBERTS,
Refreshment Department.
[391

BAKER AND CRISP'S CHEAP SILKS.
FANCY DRESSES.
MUSLINS, PIQUES.
PERCALES, ALPACAS.
GRENADINES.
GAZ DE CHAMBRAYS.
COSTUMES, JACKETS.
Patterns Free.
198, REGENT-ST. LONDON.
[380

BROWN AND POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR
IS GENUINE.
Prepared solely from
Maize—Indian Corn.
Best Quality, 2d., 4d., 8d.
Second Quality, 1½d., 3d., 6d.
Beware of
CHEAP QUALITIES BEARING A FALSE NAME,
Depending upon the recommendation of
PROFESSIONAL TESTIMONIAL WRITERS.

BROWN AND POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
with Milk for
Children's Diet.

PEARLINA.—BROWN AND POLSON'S
Differs from Corn Flour
in being granulated
and rich in gluten.

PEARLINA.—BROWN AND POLSON'S
For
DELICIOUS PUDDINGS,
in great variety.

PEARLINA.
PLUM PUDDING RECIPE.

Take one teacupful of Pearlina, steep it in one cupful of milk for an hour, then add half-a-cupful of flour, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, quarter lb. of suet, two ounces of orange peel, quarter lb. raisins, quarter lb. currants; add two eggs, well beaten up, then a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, and the same of ginger; tie in a bowl or cloth, and boil for three hours.

THIS MAKES IT AS RICH AND LIGHT AS SIX EGGS AND SIX HOURS' BOILING WOULD DO WITHOUT PEARLINA.
[936

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is commenced in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE PAISLEY GAZETTE says:—Laden with the memory of 140 years good old Sylvanus Urban begins his new volume with a new novel, "The Valley of Poppies," by the author of "Christopher Kenrick." And what is the Valley of Poppies? It is the parish of Summerdale-in-the-Water—"the sleepy hollow of fairy tales, the lost village, the border-land of life"—of which the perpetual curate was George Himbleton, who is the autobiographical hero of "The Vale of Poppies." We shall have something more to say of this novel, which promises well when the story gets farther on.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is commenced in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE CORK EXAMINER of May 31st says:—The GENTLEMAN'S in this month rings out the old and rings in the new. . . . The new story is "The Valley of Poppies," by the author of "Christopher Kenrick." Of this writer, the speciality is the reproduction of quiet contemplative scenes. He likes to blend all incidents with the locality in which they occur, reminding us of some of those old paintings respecting which it is hard to say whether they are to be called pictures of men and women with elaborate background or landscapes with figures. His style is graceful, suggesting reminiscences of Nathaniel Hawthorne or of Charles Lamb. Indeed, the affection of the latter for quaint turns of phrase taken from the elder dramatists seems to point him out as the more favourite study.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is commenced in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE KENT HERALD of June 1st says:—The first chapters of the new tale by the author of "Christopher Kenrick" are given this month with such a lovely little vignette of the church of "Summerdale-in-the-Water." The genial, happy-minded author gives us a foretaste of a great treat in this story, and we believe it will become as great a favourite with the readers of the GENTLEMAN'S as "Christopher" himself was.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is commenced in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE ABERDEEN HERALD of June 3rd says:—The GENTLEMAN'S for June opens with a new story by the author of "Christopher Kenrick," bearing the somewhat strange title of "The Valley o. Poppies." The narrative is given out to be the autobiography of a curate, written at the request of some of his friends. The style of the writer is subdued and natural, and his descriptive abilities are of a high order. The opening chapters are very successful, and we shall watch with interest the incidents in the curate's life.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is commenced in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE CIRENCESTER TIMES of June 5th says:—The GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE this month opens with the first six chapters of a new story—"The Valley of Poppies"—the writer of which has received very high encomiums for his previous works.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is commenced in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

THE GLOBE of June 1 says:—We are glad toplace in the foremost rank of the periodicals for June the far-famed GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. Very few can compare with it, either in the quality of their articles or in their varied and interesting character. A new novel, "The Valley of Poppies," opens this month, it and so far promises well.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES, the New Story by the Author of "The Tallants of Barton" and "Christopher Kenrick," is commenced in this month's GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. One Shilling Monthly. London: W. H. ALLEN & Co.

LLOYD'S NEWSPAPER says: —In the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE we find the opening chapters of a new story by the editor. The description of Summerdale cannot fail to please the readers who light upon it, and the Dean's daughters are as attractive—on paper—as the pretty village.

OSLER'S CRYSTAL GLASS CHANDELIERS.
TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS.
CHANDELIERS in BRONZE and ORMOLU.
MODERATOR LAMPS and LAMPS FOR INDIA.
LONDON Show Rooms, 45, Oxford Street, W.
BIRMINGHAM Manufactory and Show Rooms, Broad Street. [374

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
J. & P. COATS, SEWING, TATTING, AND CROCHET COTTON MANUFACTURERS, PAISLEY.
Holders of Prize Medals awarded at the London and Paris Exhibitions for Excellence of Quality.

J. & P. COATS beg to call the attention of the Public to their IMPROVED BEST SOFT SEWING COTTON, which, with the view of more fully meeting the wants of Sewing Machines, they now make Six-Cord in all lengths from No. 10 to 100 inclusive.

The importance of this change will be more clearly understood when they state that in the Trade ordinary Soft Sewing Cotton, in all lengths, known as Six-Cord, is such to No. 40 only, being Four-Cord from 42 to 70, and Three-Cord above that number.

WHOLESALE AGENT—WILLIAM GILMOUR, 80, WOOD STREET, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON. [377

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.
"No more delicious,
refreshing, nourishing, and wholesome beverage has ever been manufactured."—*Morning Post.* [237

USE HAYES & CROSSLEY'S DOUBLE-POINTED SEWING NEEDLES. These remarkable Needles taper at both ends, and work with wonderful ease. Sold by all drapers. 100 post free, One Shilling.—HAYES, CROSSLEY, and CO., 153, Cheapside, London.
[339

H. WALKER'S QUEEN'S OWN NEEDLES.
[336

B. BARNARDO,
76, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW,
The largest Importer and Manufacturer of FURS in Scotland. [382

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MENTOR.—The question is one which cannot be discussed in these columns.

ARTIST.—Received with thanks. The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is regularly dispatched to the Colonies.

F. F.—You can always procure the paper by ordering it through a newsagent.

W. (Birmingham).—We shall give a view of the locality in question.

NOTICES.

THE London Publishing Office of this Paper is at 102, Fleet-street, where the trade can now be supplied early on Friday mornings.

COMMUNICATIONS for the Publisher should be addressed to 102, Fleet-street, London, E.C. All letters for the Editor must be addressed "Editor, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, 72, Turnmill-street, London, E.C."

FROM March 18 until July 1 the rate of charges for Advertisements will be:—

6d. A LINE IN ORDINARY INNER PAGES.
9d. A LINE ON THE BACK PAGE.
2s. A LINE ON LEADER PAGE.

AFTER July 1 these charges will be increased to 9d., 1s., and 2s. 6d.

ON Advertisements ordered for Continuous Insertion the following discounts will be allowed:—

5 per Cent. off 13 insertions.
10 " 26 "
15 " 39 "
20 " 52 "

THE matter in Serial Advertisements may be changed as desired. At the conclusion of existing Contracts no Block Advertisements will be inserted.

⁂ ADVERTISEMENTS cannot be received after 12 o'clock on Wednesdays.
THE Paper will be delivered to the Public by any News-agent in London or the Country, at 13s. a year; or free by post from London for 15s., prepaid.

THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, JUNE 24, 1871.

MR. TOM TAYLOR has written a second letter to the *Echo* on the condition of the modern stage. His conclusion, from all he has observed in the theatre, is that, in so far as any one cause of its decline, or hope of its rise, can be fixed upon, the manager, more than any single influence, is chargeable with the mischief, and potential for the good service. Wherever the theatre has had a temporary or local revival, it has been owing to some exceptionally refined, energetic, and capable manager. "Familiarity with average management, as it is, seems quite sufficient to account for the present state of our theatres. And yet the most conspicuous examples of exceptionally able and tasteful management, in recent and present times, have been set by actor-managers. Now nothing seems clearer than that the ideal manager should be neither actor nor author, in actual work. He should not have to resist the besetting influence of either calling—the temptation to take the lion's share, either as performer or purveyor, than which nothing so grievously misleads or utterly blinds ordinary men." There is another point which Mr. TAYLOR might have mentioned. There are too many dramatic authors who write dramatic criticisms, and too many dramatic critics who are professional playwrights. Managers have been played upon by these gentlemen, who have taught them to rely more upon newspaper puffs and loud advertisements than upon good plays. Dramatic criticism has lost much of its legitimate hold upon the public by the perpetual puffery of bad plays and incompetent actors. Let this be reformed, and we shall soon see a change in the management of our theatres.

FRENCH journalists seem to be as insane now as they were before the war. A journalist who can deliberately sit down and brag of his country at the present moment is simply lost to all sense of decency, truth, and honour. The *Journal Officiel*, arguing that we do not refuse an asylum to the Communists because we hate France, says all Europe hates France, and for this reason: France is generous and enlightened! Therefore Europe hates her. France gave liberty to Italy and independence to Belgium. Therefore Europe hates her. France saved England in the Crimean War. Therefore Europe hates her. The English newspapers are bribed to write against the Versailles Government. Therefore France now hates England. Was there ever anything more childish and contemptible than this? It *is* on record that one English morning paper was subsidised; it is also on record that the said English morning journal died of the bribe.

THE German troops have made their grand entry into Berlin. Their triumph over France will always occupy the principal pages in the history of the past two years. The story is familiar in our mouths as household words. Right-thinking men will pray that this military demonstration of Berlin may inaugurate a long and lasting peace. Meanwhile, it is the duty of England to learn the lesson of the war and apply the moral.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* draws a parallel between Berlin and Westminster. The result is not one of which we can feel any pride:—

"Germany has fought with unequalled unanimity, persistence, and self-devotion, in order that the German soil shall never again be trodden by a hostile army. This is precisely the end which Englishmen are most accustomed to put before themselves as the final cause of their military system. The stereotyped disclaimer of any wish to interfere in European disputes—as though God had made of one blood all the nations of the Continent, and of another the inhabitants of this island—is always accompanied by some commonplace about 'defence, not defiance.' The object which Germany has just accomplished is the object which England equally with Germany is supposed to desire. At Berlin they are keeping holiday because this object has been achieved by war; at Westminster, if we were wise, we should be working our hardest to ensure that it shall be achieved without war."

Although a session has passed since it was decided by the general voice of the nation that England must put her house in order, literally nothing has been done. We seem to be as far off as ever from possessing an efficient military system. The *Pall Mall* sees in the hostility of party the chief difficulty of the situation. "The Prussian Liberals have in every case treated party politics as secondary to the interests of the country; while the English Radicals seem to be always bent on dissuading a Liberal Government from introducing any reform, however essential, which, by necessitating increased estimates, threatens to deprive its followers of the opportunity of winning popularity by an unseasonable advocacy of retrenchment." This is the *Pall Mall's* view of the position, and it will be endorsed by all persons who are not party slaves. The truth is, England and her most vital interests are being sacrificed to mere party ambition. Surely Radicals and Liberals, Tories and Conservatives, might make the defence and safety of their country neutral ground upon which they could meet for the practical purposes of national legislation.

MIRANDA.

THE engraving on our front page is from a very popular work by Mr. Thomas F. Dicksee. It is certainly the most successful interpretation of the sweet, confiding, and unsophisticated heroine of the "Tempest" which has come under our notice. The work was exhibited some years ago at the Royal Academy, and was afterwards made more familiar to the public by the photographers. It was for a time the most attractive of the pretty heads which adorn the leading print shops. How far it inspired the author of "The Tallants of Barton" we cannot say, but the author of that novel bought it, and took it home by Great Western Railway, because it reminded him of the charming sympathetic face of one of his heroines, Phœbe Tallant. We believe the author devotes several pages of his work to this wayside incident.

Thomas Francis Dicksee was born in London, Dec. 13, 1819. From childhood he was a devoted lover of Art, and at the age of nineteen had the good fortune to be introduced to the late H. P. Briggs, R.A., from whom he received most valuable instruction. His earliest works were portraits. A large portion of his career has been devoted to this branch of Art. During the last ten or twelve years, however, Mr. Dicksee has made a *spécialité* of giving life to Shakespeare's heroes and heroines. "Miranda," the subject of our engraving, is a remarkably representative example of the series. The list of Mr. Dicksee's works is too long for critical analysis, but a few of the titles may be incidentally named—"Launce and his Dog," "Lady Macbeth," "Juliet and Friar," "Ophelia," "Jessica and the Keys," "Anne Page," "Olivia," "Cleopatra," "Desdemona and Othello," "Julia and the Miniature," "Juliet and Romeo," "Constance," "Viola," "Ariel," "Titania," "Imogen entering the Cave," "Portia and Jessica," "Kate and Maria," "Hermione," "Katharine and Petruchio," "Kate and Bianca," "Sylvia," &c., &c. This is apart from a very long list of *genre* subjects, all of them marked more or less by that intensity of expression, harmony of colour, and extreme refinement of finish which so distinguish this artist's works. Many of Mr. Dicksee's pictures have been engraved; one, "The Labour of Love," formed a very popular Art Union print, and was well engraved by Shenton. To Mr. Dicksee's present Academy picture, No. 5—"Romeo and Juliet," too much praise cannot be awarded; it possesses all the special Art properties Mr. Dicksee has by long practice so made his own; it is a most tender exposition, fully realising the situation; it does what a picture ought—tells its own tale, and that full well.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS.

No. II.—On Tapestry.

If there is one kind of work in our sumptuary arts which seems necessarily to escape the discipline of the mechanical processes indispensable to every great industrial production, it is that of the admirable tapestries of Gobelins, Beauvais, and Aubusson, in which the ability of the weaver ought necessarily to be accompanied by the genius of the painter. To analyse the forms and tones of the model it is proposed to copy, then to choose, assort, and combine the coloured threads which will reproduce the shades of the picture in their most delicate gradations, bring into action the intelligence and taste of an artist; whilst, on the other hand, the precision and solidity of the weaving call imperiously for the patient and strong hand of the workman. Modern industry, which is every day enlarging its domain, was not frightened at the enormous difficulty which existed in converting into practical processes this complicated but particular work which gives such a value to our finest tapestries. Let us say at once that a successful attempt has been made to substitute in a certain measure the certainty of the mechanical loom for the talent, more or less developed, more or less appreciated, of the artist. Thus was obtained the equivalent of what has been realised elsewhere in the French manufacture of Indian shawls, a product the character and value of which are complete in the originality of the individual labour of which it bears the impression. By making use of the resources of the Jacquart loom, hitherto exclusively reserved for the making of silk stuffs, and in proportioning the number of the cards which serve to distribute the coloured threads in the tissue to the number of tones and shades contained in the model to be copied, there have been executed in art tapestry imitations as exact as possible of the design, effect, and colour of a decorative picture. The establishment at Saint Maur, directed by M. Morceau, sent a truly exceptional and curious piece to the Universal Exhibition of 1867, because, whilst giving the extent of the power of the exclusively industrial processes, it at the same time showed the absolute necessity of increasing still further the decorative worth and picturesque charms of the compositions of art designed to serve as types and models for the improved manufacture.

It was well shown by this example that the mechanical weaving on the loom, where the indications are furnished to the workman, must give tapestries of great luxury, identical, in fact, with the original design, of which the *mise en carte* will have decomposed the colour and forms in the greatest detail. The size alone of the tissue is limited by the dimensions of the loom, which, in the factory at Saint Maur, is 1 metre 40.

Here, then, are new resources put by applied science at the service of an industrial art. How to make use of them? Without speaking yet of the economy realised on the return price and leaving off at the sole point of view of the public pleasure, what new effects will the designer in tapestries be able to find in the employment of these mechanical means, ever ready quietly to obey all the caprices of his taste and of his imagination? Is it not to be feared that from the moment when they are sure of reproducing almost mathematically any design whatever, the artists of industry may wander in pursuit of a false ideal, and not be able to guard against that rapture which may push them on to wish to introduce in all pieces, in an art essentially decorative like that of weaving, the effects of perspective and illusion by relief, admissible only in oil painting? Will not the extreme facility of reproduction of all the picturesque effects by the coloured tissue of tapestry then become a danger instead of being a progress for the art of which we are speaking?

We here strike, with full knowledge of the cause, against a very modern prejudice, but one very difficult to eradicate. It consists in making the merit of a work of industrial art depend on the perfection with which the painted or sculptured imitations of natural objects which decorate it are produced. A flower, an animal, the human figure, treated in tapestry as they would be in a picture by a painter, is what is called for by the average public taste, without a thought that the groundwork of the tissue, its velvet-like appearance, the particular gloss of the silk and wool, the size and direction of the coloured threads become either precious resources or insurmountable obstacles, according as they remain within the natural limits of decorative art, or, on the contrary, seek to outstep them.

J. Grangedor.

THE EMPRESS AUGUSTA.

On our 248th page will be found a portrait of Augusta, the Empress of Germany, whose name will be remembered by the bulk of our readers as being so closely connected with the telegrams sent home from the seat of war by William, the Emperor of Germany, who is just now being raised to the summit of praise and honour by his countrymen. The triumphal entry of the troops into Berlin (an account of which we publish in another page) has put Fatherland into a blaze of festivity, and there is rejoicing throughout the land. William, King of Prussia, married June 11, 1829, the Princess Augusta, daughter of Charles Frederick, Grand Duke of Weimar. They have two children, Prince Frederick William, born October 18, 1831, who married June 25, 1858, Victoria Adelaide, Princess Royal of Great Britain, by whom he has four children; and the Princess Louise Mary, born December 3, 1838, married September 20, 1856, to Frederick William, Grand Duke of Baden.

LITERATURE.

"Lothaw; or the Adventures of a Young Gentleman in Search of a Religion." By Mr. Benjamins (Bret-Harte). (London: J. C. Hotten.)—Having made the acquaintance of "That Heathen Chinee," we have faith that anything coming from the pen of Bret-Harte is bound to be humorous. Our expectations on taking up "Lothaw" were realised when we carefully replaced it on the shelf. It is decidedly droll, and we have left the small volume where we can find it, seeing that it is highly probable we may have the inclination to go through it again. It can be disposed of in a few minutes, but the aroma remains, as does the aroma of good wine. We are afraid to quote for two reasons; we could scarcely convey an idea of the whole by taking a part, and if we were to take any away the publisher might object, for there are so few pages that there would be scarcely any left, and the reader would find it unnecessary to purchase the book. Besides the humorous writing there are about a dozen cleverly-executed woodcuts. The moral of the little satire is the abuse of love "as sanctioned and encouraged by 'Society' in our time," as the publisher's preface has it. The religion Lothaw is in search of is really a wife; and first, the English aristocracy receive a sharp rap on the knuckles for their studied heartlessness and contempt for the true and divine instincts of our nature; and then the noisy American advocates of universal love, or Female Communism—more widely known as the "Woman's Rights Movement"—are taken to task by the author.

"Mark Twain's Autobiography" (Burlesque).—(London: J. C. Hotten.)—In our opinion Mark Twain is the funniest writer America now possesses. He can be excessively humorous and write good English at the same time. His "Innocents Abroad" is one of the most entertaining works we ever read. It was a great success, and established the reputation of the author of the "Jumping Frog." We have long had a desire to know more of the sagacious Mark, and we are therefore gratified to receive his "Autobiography." Mark says: "Ours is a noble house, and stretches a long way into antiquity. The earliest ancestors the Twains have any history of was a friend of the family by the name of Higgins. This was in the eleventh century, when our people were living in Aberdeen, county of Cork, England. . . . Arthour Twain was a man of considerable note—a solicitor on the highway in William Rufus's time. At about the age of thirty he went to one of those fine old English places of resort called Newgate, to see about something, and never returned again. While there he died suddenly. Augustus Twain seems to have made something of a stir about the year 1160. He was as full of fun as he could be, and used to take his old sabre and sharpen it up, and get in a convenient place on a dark night, and stick it through people as they went by, to see them jump. He was a born humorist. . . . Early in the fifteenth century we have Beau Twain, called 'the Scholar.' He wrote a beautiful, beautiful hand. And he could imitate anybody's hand so closely that it was enough to make a person laugh his head off to see it. He had infinite sport with his talent. But by and by he took a contract to break stone for a road, and the roughness of the work spoiled his hand. He always wore his hair short, had a preference for striped clothes, and died lamented by the government. . . . Some years later we have the illustrious John Morgan Twain. He came over to this country with Columbus in 1492 as a passenger. . . . The man does not appear to have been openly charged with any gravely unbecoming thing, but in the ship's log it is noted as a 'curious circumstance' that, albeit he brought his baggage on board the ship in a newspaper, he took it ashore in four trunks, a queensware crate, and a couple of champagne baskets. . . . They threw him overboard. . . . Then in the ship's dimmed and ancient log we find this quaint note:—'In time it was discouvered y^t y^e troublesome passenger hadde gonne downe and got y^e anchor and toke y^e same and solde it to y^e dam sauvages from y^e interior, saying y^t he hadde *founde* it, y^e sonne of a ghun!' . . . Charles Henry Twain lived during the latter part of the seventeenth century, and was a zealous and distinguished missionary. He converted 16,000 South Sea islanders, and taught them that a dog-tooth necklace and a pair of spectacles was not enough clothing to come to divine service in. Pah-go-to-wah-wah-pukkettekeewiss (Mighty-Hunter-with-a-Hogg-Eye) Twain adorned the middle of the eighteenth century, and aided General Braddock with all his heart to resist the oppressor Washington. It was this ancestor who fired seventeen times at our Washington from behind a tree. . . . I will remark here, in passing, that certain ancestors of mine are so thoroughly well-known in history by their *aliases* that I have not felt it to be worth while to dwell upon them, or even mention them in the order of their birth. Among these may be mentioned Richard Brinsley Twain, *alias* Guy Fawkes; John Wentworth Twain, *alias* Sixteen-String Jack; William Hogarth Twain, *alias* Jack Sheppard; Ananias Twain, *alias* Baron Munchausen; John George Twain, *alias* Captain Kydd. And then there are George Francis Train, Tom Pepper, Nebuchadnezzar, and Balaam's Ass; they all belong to our family, but to a branch of it somewhat distantly removed from the honourable direct line—in fact, a collateral branch, whose members chiefly differ from the ancient stock in that, in order to acquire the notoriety we have always yearned and hungered for, they have got into a low way of going to jail instead of getting hanged. It is not well, when writing an autobiography, to follow your ancestry down too close to your own time—it is safest to speak only vaguely of your great grandfather, and then skip from there to yourself, which I now do. I was born without teeth—and there Richard III. had the advantage of me; but I was born without a humpback likewise, and there I had the advantage of *him*. My parents were neither very poor nor conspicuously honest." The book is divided into three parts; we have quoted from the first, the Autobigraphy. Part 2 is "A Mediæval Romance," and Part 3 is a treatise "On Children."

A *brochure*, entitled "Ellenore; or the Broken Heart," has reached us. It is a poem by "Hotspur," and we do not like it. We have read the whole work (thirteen small pages, in paper covers), but cannot find anything worth quoting.

We have also received "Sensation Novels Condensed" (Hotten), by Bret Harte; "Under Dead Leaves" (Hotten), by W. E. Windus; "The Lock of Hair," by A. Speight; and "That Heathen Chinee," by Bret Harte, the latter of which we have already noticed.

NEW MUSIC.

(*London: Cramer, Wood, and Co., and Lamborn Cock and Co.*)

The Reindeer Bells. Song. Words by Frederick Enoch. Music by Henry Smart.

Minna Waltz. By F. Godfrey.

La Mia Buona Annetta. Canzone Villereccia. By Alfredo Lebeau.

The Summer Bloom is Past. Song. Written by Mrs. Maberley. Composed by A. Cooper.

Rippling Waves. Caprice. By James M. Wehli.

Peace! It is I. Sacred Song. Written by the Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. Composed by J. P. Knight.

Le Tocsin. Caprice Galop. By A. Lebeau.

Danse aux Flambeaux. By A. Lebeau.

(*London: Schott and Co.*, 157 *and* 159, *Regent-street.*)

La Chanson de l'Amoureaux. Paroles du Marquis de Foudras. Musique de Giulio Alary.

Je t'Aimerai. Paroles francais de Tagliafico. Musique de Stanzieri.

Colinette. Paroles de Moselet. Musique de Giulio Alary.

L'Étranger. Poésie de Mme. Emile de Girardin. Musique de Giulio Alary.

It is estimated that 80,000 French people are now residing in Brussels. The city is so full of refugees that it is said to be extremely difficult to get lodging.

Several corpses of Paris insurgents gnawed by rats have been found in the Catacombs.

The Duke de Persigny, whose arrival at Versailles has been reported, has never left London.

Advices from Madrid report most favourably on the prospects of the harvest in Spain. During 1871 it is believed the country will be able to make shipments to the value of £10,000,000 or £12,000,000. Great expectations, it is said, are also entertained as to the wine and oil crops this year.

When the Brazilian Ministry applied to the Legislature to sanction the journey of the Emperor and Empress to Europe, and to appoint the Princess Dona Isabel as Regent, the House of Representatives in acceding to the motion proposed a grant of £200,000 for their Majesties' expenses, and those of the Princess during her regency. This offer, however, was declined by his Majesty, who declared that he should defray the whole from his private purse.

The Versailles correspondent of the *Gazette des Tribunaux* says that the bearing of the Communist leaders now in custody changes as their confinement is prolonged. The despondency which was evinced at first by Rochefort, Courbet, and others has greatly increased. Even Rossel—certainly a most vigorous spirit—has lost some of his assurance. The stories of his various disguises to avoid detection are untrue, as he never even shaved off his beard, which is itself sufficiently remarkable to fix his identity. Billioray, who was careful to shave off beard and moustache, is very much changed, and it would be difficult for any one to recognise in the prisoner of Versailles a brilliant member of the Commune. Assi still shows great calmness. Fosset, who assumed the style of an aide-de-camp to Assi, seems actually to worship him, whom he regards as the regenerator of the working class, and has several times, when examined, declared himself ready to give his life to save that of Assi. The painter Courbet has intimated an intention of writing his memoirs. Vermorel is in a hopeless condition. Badly wounded, he refused all aid, but has lately undergone a painful surgical operation, which he bore with great courage. Paschal Grousset continues to exhibit extreme politeness towards all who approach him.

"More than a year ago one of my children was attacked with bronchitis, and after a long illness *was given up by my physician as past cure.* I was then induced to try your Vegetable Pain Killer for it, and from the time I began the use of it the child rapidly got better, and is now strong and healthy.

"John Winstanley.

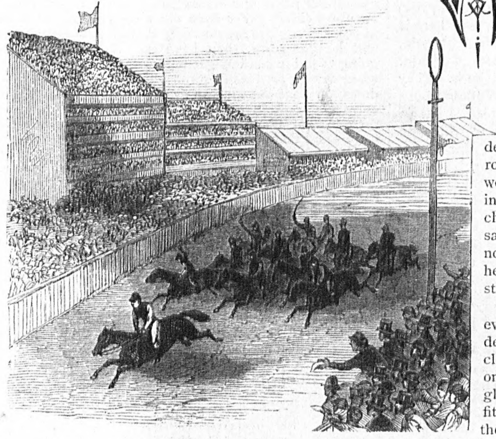
"10, *Whittle-street, Liverpool, January*, 1869.

"To Perry Davis & Son, London, W.C."

HUGH DAMER'S LAST LEGER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON, Author of "Lady Audley's Secret."

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*



AFTER this I heard no more of my friend's troubles for some time. He gave himself up utterly to the delight of Laura Dashwood's society, and seemed to enjoy life with a reckless, boisterous kind of happiness in that brief ten days of bright autumnal weather—a season in which there still remained much of the warmth and glory of summer.

Churleigh was a very pleasant house to stay in—the servants numerous and well-trained, the cool, shadowy gardens delicious at all times, the billiard and smoking rooms the perfection of comfort, and the old-world air of the place a perpetual soothing influence, which gave a vague, indescribable charm to everything. But for me there was a sadness brooding over all things, and I could not but remember how speedily this fair heritage might pass into the keeping of a stranger.

Many times during those gay idle days, for every one of which some new pleasure was devised by the Master of Churleigh, I saw a cloud upon Hugh Damer's brow; but it was only a transient shadow; and, however gloomy his thoughts may have been in those fitful moments of care, Laura Dashwood had the power to chase the dark shadow from the face I knew so well. Hugh's high spirits were noticed and admired by every one. It was impossible not to enjoy life in his company, people said; his gaiety was infectious.

"That fellow can never have known a care in his life," one of his friends remarked to me; "and yet I never knew a man drop his money more persistently than he did last year. But then, you see, the fellow is so confoundedly rich."

We had picnics and water parties; carpet dances night after night in the long low drawing room, with the six French windows set wide open, and the scent of the flowers, and all the cool, dewy odours of the night wafted in upon us as we danced. We had moonlit waltzes on the lawn sometimes, when it was very pleasant to see Miss Dashwood's aerial form revolving in the strong grasp of Hugh Damer's powerful arm, and to hear her musical laughter ring out upon the still night air. What a delicious life, if it could have gone on for ever!

"Yes, Fred, if it could only go on for ever!" Hugh said to me on the night before the first race day, as we stood together on the deserted lawn, where we had been dancing till after midnight, while the servants were extinguishing the lights in the drawing room, one by one. "But to-morrow will see the beginning of the end, I dare say. Unless my luck changes. There was a time when I thought it must change—that fortune must take a sudden turn in my favour. But, somehow, as the hour draws near, I have a feeling that my fate is fixed—that there's no such thing as a turn of the tide for me—that the river of life can only drift me one way—steadily down to the dark sea of ruin!"

"That's all nonsense, old fellow," I answered, cheerily; "mind you, I am the last of men to hope much from the fortune of the Turf; but still there is no reason why you should not be a winner for once in a way!"

"No reason, perhaps, Fred; but I have a rooted conviction that my ill luck will pursue me to the last. I have been too happy in that sweet girl's society—madly, recklessly happy. Oh, God, old friend, where shall I be in a week's time?"

His tone went to my heart—I could see his face in the moonlight, deadly pale, and the lips working convulsively.

"Let the worst come to the worst, Hugh, you will face misfortune like a man—I am sure of that!"

"Face it like a man. That means to drag on the remnant of one's days somehow—to turn adventurer and live by one's wits, or to descend to gentlemanly beggary and live upon one's friends. Of course it is unmanly to blow out one's brains and make a clean finish of it—and yet that's the most convenient end for one's self and society!"

"For God's sake, Hugh Damer, don't let me hear you talk like that!"

"It's wicked, I suppose. But then, you see, the whole course of my life has been wicked. If my mother could have known what that life was to be when she nursed me through my childish illnesses, and prayed all night long for the passing of the danger, don't you think that she would rather I had died in her arms, a child, innocent, untarnished—than that I should live to be what I am!"

"It is never too late to mend, Hugh. With such a wife as Miss Dashwood you might become as good a man as your mother ever hoped you might be, in her fondest dreams of your future."

"I might—I might, with such a wife. Yes, Fred; but that is too bright a fate for me. I had my chance and lost it. If I had known Laura Dashwood sooner, perhaps—but it's the idlest folly to talk of what might have been—and to morrow 'makes me or unmakes me quite.' Come, light up another regalia, Fred, and we'll have no more of this dreary talk."

CHAPTER IV.

"Fill the can, and fill the cup:
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again."

WE went to the races in great style, Hugh Damer driving a drag, with the majority of his masculine guests on the roof, and a merry party of ladies inside, Mr. Dashwood travelling in his handsome barouche with Laura, the county matron, and one of her daughters—Laura a vision of loveliness, in some cloudy costume of mauve and white, under a big white silk umbrella—and the rest of the Churleigh party in a roomy omnibus, in which the servants were wont to be driven to church on wet Sundays. Arrived on the course, Hugh posted all three vehicles in an admirable position for seeing the race, and then speedily disappeared with the Squire and a good many of his friends. I, to whom the things of the Turf were utterly indifferent, remained with the ladies, but was not the less anxious for him whose fortune depended so much on the hazards of the day.

I knew nothing of Damer's engagements—what horses he had backed, or how the numerous events of the day were likely to affect him, but I heard from several quarters that the running was of an unexpected character, calculated to cause disappointment to the majority of the gentlemen speculators.

Hugh came to us several times in the course of the day, and, though he talked and laughed with Miss Dashwood and the rest, and might have seemed, to a casual observer, to be in excellent spirits, I saw that in his face which boded ill for the issue of the day. He drank a great deal of brandy and soda—drank with a feverish eagerness; but I noticed that he ate nothing all through the day. I secured the box-seat for the return journey, anxious to know the worst, and at once.

"Well, Hugh?" I asked, in a low voice, when we were clear of the crowd, and bowling rapidly along a smooth high road, bordered with noble old timber.

"Well, Fred, I told you about that rooted conviction of mine. It was pretty correct—that's all."

"Then the day has been a bad one?"

"About as bad as it could be."

"But there's to-morrow," I said, with a faint attempt at hopefulness.

"Yes; and my luck will be about the same to-morrow that it has been to-day, I have no doubt. Did you ever see anything like the running to-day? No man can stand against such a collapse as that. Ptarmigan won the Chester as easily as these four bays of mine could win a race against a costermonger's donkey, and to-day he let himself be passed by a beggarly plater. If I didn't know the character of his stable, I could swear the brute had been got at."

"Was the day good for the ring or the public?"

"Oh, the bookmen get the best of it of course. None of the favourites won."

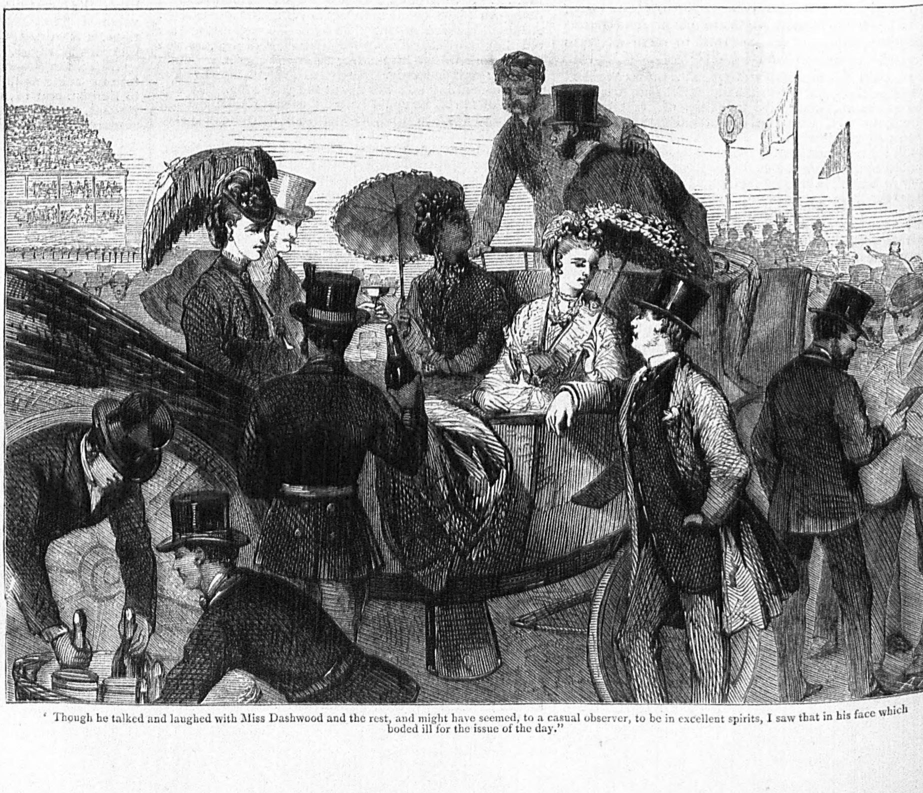
"Were you unfortunate in everything?" I asked.

"Yes, everything."

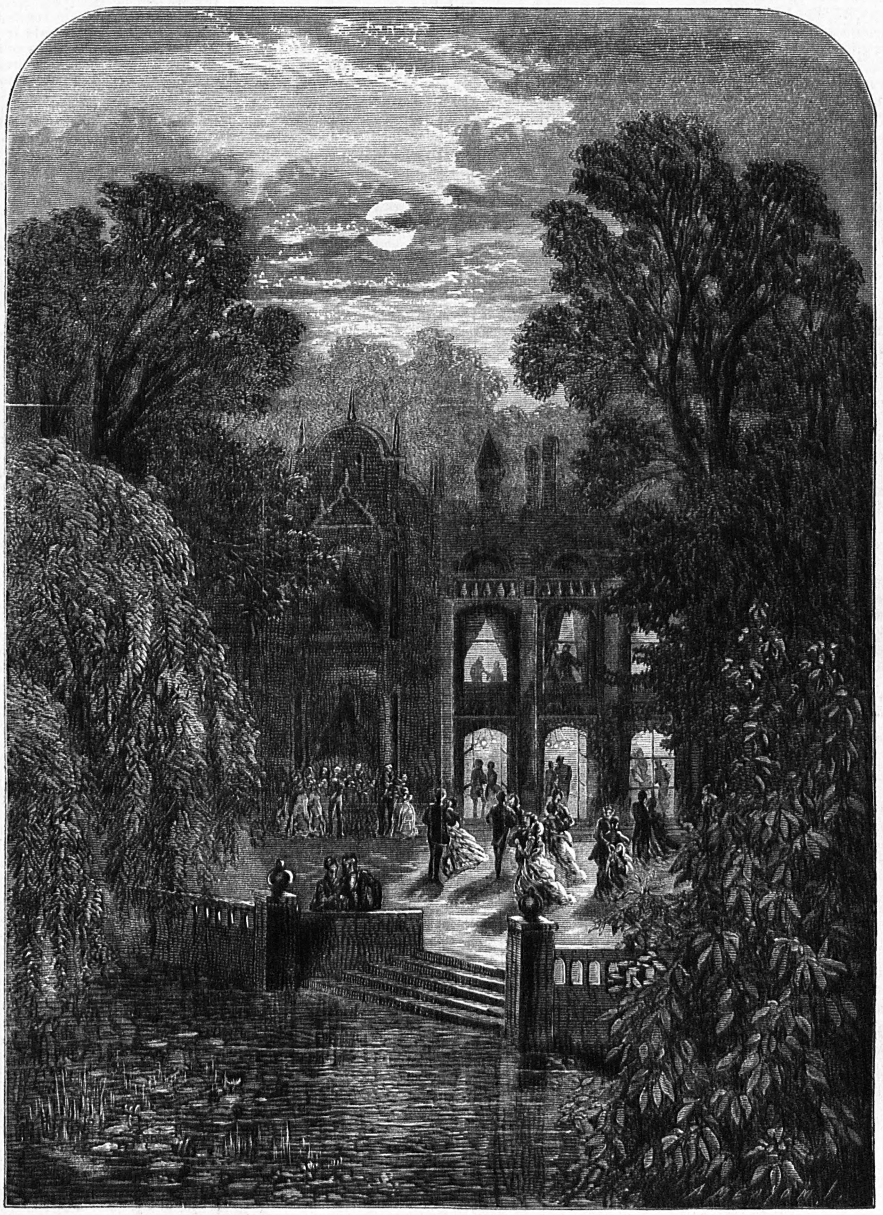
"That's hard lines, old fellow."

"You don't know the trouble it cost me to make my book, Fred. It was a great combination, which *might* have made my fortune—the last venture of a desperate man, who wanted to redeem all by one great coup. But I have no further faith in it now. The campaign has opened with defeat. To-day has been my Moscow; to-morrow will be Waterloo."

I tried to cheer him, in a few low words. I don't think there was anything but gloom and bitterness in his mind; but he had that natural pride which shrinks from the revelation of misfortune. He roused himself



"Though he talked and laughed with Miss Dashwood and the rest, and might have seemed, to a casual observer, to be in excellent spirits, I saw that in his face which boded ill for the issue of the day."



" We had moonlit waltzes on the lawn."

with an effort, and talked loudly and cheerily all the way home, and I doubt if any one upon the drag except myself suspected that he had been a heavy loser by that day's work.

And by and by at the composite meal, half dinner and half supper, which awaited us at Churleigh—a sumptuous banquet in its way, where lobsters and raised pies, winged creatures of all kinds, and hot-house fruits of gorgeous colouring were heaped upon the table with the picturesque profusion of the feast in Paul Veronese's famous picture of the "Marriage in Cana of Galilee," and at which the men drank deep of Badminton and Moselle cup from huge silver tankards of the Georgian era, while the ladies sipped tea and coffee, or trifled with a glass of Cliquot—the gayest at the long oak table was the host, who led every peal of laughter, and said the best things that were uttered that night. We sat long and late, the ladies only retiring at midnight, Miss Dashwood declaring, as she bade her host good night, that she had never in her life spent so delightful a day. "I was always fond of races," she said, with a deprecating air. "I suppose it is a pernicious taste that is natural to a Yorkshire-woman—but I never enjoyed anything as much as the racing to-day."

"I hope it is not the last by a great many that you will spend at Churleigh Wood," Hugh said, with a strange smile.

Late as it was when our party broke up that night, Hugh Damer and Mr. Dashwood were closeted together in the library for a full hour after the rest had gone to their rooms. I heard their voices as they wished each other good night on the stairs, and heard my friend's step as he walked slowly and heavily along the corridor leading to his own quarters. It was not like his accustomed footfall, and I knew that interview in the library must have been an unpleasant one.

"You've sold Churleigh Wood, Hugh," I said to him, as we drove to the races next day.

"Yes, old fellow, the deed is done. The old place is gone from me for ever and ever. There was no time to lose. I may want the money before the week is out. The manufacturer was very liberal; has paid me a splendid price for his fancy; and the place is gone—and Laura's children will play under the oaks I used to climb fifteen years ago.

"God grant they may be your children as well as Laura's," I said. "I cannot bear to think your birthplace is quite gone from you."

"Rather hard lines, wasn't it? But a man must reap what he has sown, Fred, and I have scattered the evil seed with a free hand. I don't deserve anything better."

The next day was the Leger. That clean, airy little town, which is, in its normal condition, one of the quietest and dullest in England, brimmed over with human life, and rang loud with the buzz and clamour of innumerable tongues. This great autumnal meeting is the saturnalia of the North, and, looking at it from the outside, a pleasant festival enough; but I contemplated that noisy gathering with a jaundiced eye, and my heart sickened as I thought how the day might end for Hugh Damer.

I was too anxious about my friend's fortunes to remain with the ladies to-day: though Laura Dashwood, in a fresh toilette of pale blue and a dainty bonnet that was all forget-me-nots—as if that floral reminder were needed!—who could forget Laura, once having known her?—was lovely and fascinating enough to have held any man—not bitten by the scorpion of the Turf—bound like a slave to the wheel of her barouche. I was very uneasy about my friend, and followed him everywhere, with the air of a meek Pylades dancing attendance on a very fiery Orestes—into the ring—into the paddock—and out upon the pleasant stretch of turf on the other side of the course to see the horses take their show-off canter.

"There she goes," he cried: "Baron Von Bourse's Jezebel—the bay yonder with the small head—green body and pink sleeves. I wonder how many men's hearts she carries at her hoofs. My future depends on her, Norris. I saw her win the Guineas. I'd put every sixpence I could stand upon Pasteboard—the bony grey that had been winning everything in the autumn—and she flew by him like a bird. Look at her, old boy! By

Jove, she's a clipper. Isn't it a graceful action? There was a confounded lot of rain last night, and the ground's heavier than I like to see it. But I think she must win—there's nothing that can touch her, to my mind."

"Not Conjuror, your great Yorkshire horse?"

"Conjuror is as fat as a pig."

"There's a brute yonder—with the jockey in black and crimson—that I hardly like the look of, Hugh," I said, doubtfully. "He's got a splendid stride. See what a lot of ground he covers."

"That!" cried Hugh, contemptuously; "a raw-boned beast that never won a race in his life, unless it was some pettifogging plate at the Curragh."

We posted ourselves about a quarter of a mile from the stand, just outside the phalanx of carriages, drags, waggonettes, barouches, family omnibuses, landaus, Whitechapel carts, and the rest; posted ourselves at a point from which we could get a very fair view of the finish—Hugh standing on an old cask, looming gigantic above the rails; I just in front of his knees. There was a cold, dead weight at my breast, as the flag dropped and the hoarse, clamorous cry arose—

"They're off!"

The start was beautiful. For the first quarter of a mile you might have covered the field with a tablecloth. Then some obscure animal got away, and began to make the running. Then half a dozen more crept after him; then the favourite, Jezebel, shot forward to the front, and took a lead which she held steadily till she was within something less than half a mile of the judge's chair.

"She wins!" roared that mighty chorus; "the mare wins!"

Hugh Damer clapped his hand on my shoulder—such a muscular grip—it felt like a hand in an iron glove.

"God bless her!" he cried—not impiously, I hope; "she has saved Churleigh."

Alas! too soon had they cheered the victor—that raw-boned plater of which Damer had spoken so scornfully came tearing over the heavy ground, with a thud upon the turf that was like distant thunder, and gained on the graceful Jezebel. There was carthorse blood in him, I believe. Nothing thorough-bred could have pounded over the clay like that.

I looked up at Damer. Oh, God, what a white agonised face I saw—fixed and rigid—with the eyes glaring at the winner.

"Good bye, Churleigh," he cried, with a choking sound, that was half laugh, half sob. "That brute has ridden away with my birthplace and my wife. The ring has got the day, old fellow. There'll be boasting and rejoicing in the tents of Keedah to-night. They've been skinning the lamb all through this meeting. Come along, old chap. Let's go back to the women and hear their pretty baby-talk about it's being such a splendid race—and, oh, please, which is the Leger, Mr. Damer; is it an epergne or a tankard, and may we go and see it?'"

He put his arm in mine and dragged me off, after he had given that feeble cask a kick that sent it spinning into space. This hollow-hearted gaiety which he put on seemed to me very piteous. I think I would rather have seen him cast himself prone upon the turf and weep aloud.

On this particular night I had again contrived to secure the seat beside him, as we drove home, and once more, and in the same spot, I asked him the question I had asked at the end of the first day,

"Well, Hugh?"

"It's all over, dear boy. I am done for."

"Quite ruined, Hugh?"

"Past all possibility of redemption."

"It can't surely be so bad as that," I said; "let me help you. I am better off than you give me credit for being, I dare say. I can do something at the worst."

'No, no, my dear fellow. Anything you lent me would only be a drop in the ocean. It's like you to make the offer, but it would be letting you in for a loss without doing me any good. I must make the best settlement I can with my creditors, and then"——

He paused, and I waited in vain for the end of that sentence.

"And then what, Hugh?" I asked, anxiously.

"Who knows? Who knows what becomes of all the men who go to the dogs? They go across the seas somewhere, I suppose, and drop out of the knowledge of the circle they have lived in; or they hold horses—since Will Shakespeare's time it's the orthodox thing for a man who's down in his luck to hold horses. Anything is better than the chance of being met in Oxford-street by an old acquaintance, out at elbows and with boots that are in themselves a history."

"Then you mean that you will emigrate?"

"I mean nothing at present—except to make the best settlement of my debts that I can."

"Hugh Damer, give me your honour as a gentleman that you will do nothing rash."

"Rash! you mean that I mustn't make a sudden end of a worthless life. Don't be afraid, Fred; men have a weak way of clinging to existence, let it be ever so troublesome. Life is a habit, you see, and sometimes a very bad habit, but it's not one of which a man can easily cure himself. I shall go on living, depend upon it, somehow."

"And remember, Hugh, how many men have to face the world without a sixpence, to trust in their own talents alone for success. And you have powers so much above the ruck. You are young enough to begin life again."

"At thirty, Fred, and after living at the rate I have lived? I doubt it. But don't waste any thought upon my future, dear boy—I'm not worth it."

My heart bled for him as we drove up the long avenue leading to Churleigh, and I saw the old Tudor mansion, with its many-shaped windows flashing brightness upon the autumn night. Within there was the glow and warmth of fires, welcome even at this early season; the flash and glitter of rare old glass and silver on the long dining-table, and withal that air of mingled repose and grandeur only to be found to perfection in an old house, where every object has the grace and charm of an age that has gone by.

The Dashwoods, and all the rest of the guests, were to leave next day, but at Hugh's earnest request the manufacturer consented to stay till the following Monday morning.

"Let us have one quiet Sunday together," my poor friend pleaded, glancing from George Dashwood to his daughter, who stood a little way apart, watching him, with parted, faintly tremulous lips, and a somewhat richer bloom than usual on her cheeks; "just one quiet Sunday. You see the house has been so full of people that I have really been scarcely able to enjoy your society—and we are something more than ordinary acquaintances. We are friends, are we not? and I should like for us to have just one quiet day together."

"Friends! yes, I should think we are," the manufacturer answered, heartily; "and I hope we shall pass many days together. However, as you make such a point of Sunday, why, we'll stay. You don't mind, do you, Laura?" She shook her head, with a gracious smile, and a still deeper blush, and then bent down to caress a favourite pointer of Hugh's.

"I shall be glad to have a walk round the grounds and a little serious talk with you, Damer!" her father went on. "There are some alterations I think of making, and I should like your opinion about them."

"Alterations!" cried Laura; "surely you wouldn't change anything where all is so perfect."

Hugh gave her a grateful look—only one brief glance, but it expressed a great deal, I thought.

(To be continued.)

"WAS LOST, AND IS FOUND."

Ah, dearest! judge me not by outward show;
Call me not changed and cold, because, by chance,
My eyes no more take fire from your quick glance,
And to your ears my words sound strange and slow.
Call me not changed, for trick of eye or lip;
Smile rather at the grey streaks in my hair.
O child! how can you, beautiful and fair,
Chide me for Time's revenge, who lets you slip?
Have patience with me, as with one long lost
In barren wastes and snowy uplands vast,
Who, safe in friendly home, yet hears the blast;
And, shuddering, thinks of ravines lately crossed,
Until the welcome and the fire-light gleam
Seem but the cruel mockery of a dream.

St. Germain.

EARTHQUAKE IN CHINA.

The American Minister in China, General Lowe, has just forwarded to the Secretary of State at Washington the following account of the earthquake which occurred at Bathang, in the province of Szchuen, on the 11th of April, which he has had translated from the report of the Chinese Governor-General of the province in which it occurred:—"General Lowe says that Bathang lies on a very elevated spot beyond the province, about 260 miles west of Li-Tang, and about thirty post stations from the district town of Ta-tsien, on the high road to Thibet. About eleven o'clock on the morning of the 11th of April the earth at Bathang trembled so violently that the Government offices, temples, granaries, stone houses, storehouses, and fortifications, with all the common dwellings and the temple of Ting-lin, were at once overthrown and ruined; the only exception was the hall in the temple grounds, called Ta-Choa, which stood unharmed in its isolation. A few of the troops and people escaped, but most of the inmates were crushed and killed under the falling timber and stone. Flames also suddenly burst out in four places, which strong winds drove about until the heavens were darkened with the smoke, and their roaring was mingled with the lamentations of the distressed people. On the 16th the flames were beaten down, but the rumbling noises were still heard underground, like distant thunder, as the earth rocked and rolled like a ship in a storm. The multiplied miseries of the afflicted inhabitants were increased by a thousand fears, but in about ten days matters began to grow quiet, and the motion of the earth to cease. The grain collector at Bathang says that for several days before the earthquake the water had overflowed the dykes, but after that the earth cracked in many places, and black, fœtid water spurted out in a furious manner. If one poked the earth the spurting instantly followed, just as is the case with the salt wells and fire wells in the eastern part of the province; and this explains how it happened that fire followed the earthquake at Bathang. As near as can be ascertained there were destroyed two large temples, the offices of the collector of grain tax, the local magistrates' offices, the colonels' offices, the Ting-lin temple, and nearly 700 fathoms of wall around it, and 351 rooms in all, inside; six smaller temples, numbering 221 rooms, besides 1,849 rooms and houses of the common people. The number of people killed by the crash, including the soldiers, was 2,298, among whom were the local magistrate and his second in office. The earthquake extended from Bathang eastward to Pang-Chahemuth, westward to Nan-Tun, on the south to Lintsah-shih, and on the north to the salt wells of Atimtoz, a circuit of over 400 miles."

PARIS AS IT IS.

We are told by the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* that the Parisians continue to amuse themselves just as if nothing extraordinary had happened during the last ten months. "Very nearly all the principal theatres are now open, and they are nightly crowded; so much so, that any one going after the curtain has risen finds great difficulty in obtaining a seat. In one or two of the theatres all 'complimentary admissions,' *billets de faveur* as they are called here, have been for the present suspended; a sure sign that the demand for places is more than ordinarily good. Indeed, we have statistics to show in the returns which are published of the receipts of the theatres that they are taking much more money than they did last summer when the war first broke out. And it is not only theatres, with show *féeries* and Thérèse to sing, like the Gaîté, which are making money; but even the Français, in spite of the *élite* of its company being in London, has full houses every night, with M. Emile Augier's piece, 'L'Aventurière,' which is acknowledged not to be one of his best. Of course there are many people in and out of Paris who are inclined to lift up their hands and mourn over the frivolity of the Parisians for rushing to theatres and *cafés-concerts* after all the horrors which have recently taken place in Paris. But after all the strain on their nerves which the Parisians have undergone during the last eight months between the Prussians and the Communists, it is really not wonderful that every one is glad of a little innocent amusement, if only to reduce the tension which has been the result of the anxiety of the eight days' fighting at the end of last month. Now that the warm weather has begun, the *cafés-concerts* have reopened their doors, and are giving their *al fresco* entertainments just as they do every summer. The very showery weather has been against them since the 15th, when they reopened, but to-night both the Café des Ambassadeurs and the Alcazar d'Eté in the Champs Elysées were so crowded with spectators that it was difficult to find a place in the pit, or rather the garden. To-night the Café des Ambassadeurs was crammed with people listening to a lady who was not nearly as strong as might have been wished for a concert in the open air. As far as I heard the songs were of that very wild order of wit which seems to be the special property of music-halls and *cafés-chantants* alike, but which nevertheless seemed to amuse and delight my French neighbours not a little. It seemed only the other day that I sat in that same café and heard the 'Marseillaise' and Musset's 'Rhin Allemand' sung amid the cheers of a maddened crowd, and was most sharply taken to task by several excited Frenchmen for not taking what they considered a sufficiently loud part in the chorus of their beloved 'Marseillaise.' Between the songs the crowd amused itself by yelling out, 'à Berlin! à Berlin!' Well, a good many of the officers of the line who abound at the Café des Ambassadeurs to-night, have doubtless been to Berlin since last summer, though not quite in the way their enthusiastic backers hoped they would. There does not seem to be much difference in the outward appearance either of the performers, the audience, or the locale from that of last summer. There is one change after all, and unfortunately an irreparable one, at least, in our day—the disappearance of nearly all those noble old elms which used to abound in the Champs Elysées, and which were sacrificed during the Prussian siege of Paris when firewood fell short. One wonders what the performers, who are singing so merrily now, did during the five dreary months of the siege, and the two months of anarchy which have just come to an end. And where does all the money come from to pay for the high-priced refreshment in which every one is obliged to indulge, there being no entrance fee at the doors? Surely, after all, the French cannot be so utterly and entirely ruined as some of them would have us believe. I was at the Gaîté last night to see Theresa in the 'Chatte Blanche,' and the house could not well have been fuller. More than 4,000 francs were taken at the doors. During the siege I believe it was the fashion to talk of the immorality—or, at all events, the display of it—of Paris as one of the abominations of the Empire, which had been swept away since the purifying revolution, never to return. Somehow or other the immorality seems to be rapidly coming back, and with every appearance that it is likely to thrive again."

The Giants' Wedding.—A curious ceremony was witnessed on Saturday morning at St. Martin's Church, Trafalgar-square, when Captain Martin Van Buren Bates, of the American army, and Miss Anna Hanen Swan—the giant and giantess who have been holding receptions at Willis's Rooms—were united in the bonds of matrimony. Although the intended marriage had not been publicly announced, long before eleven o'clock, the time fixed for the ceremony, the steps of St. Martin's Church and St. Martin's-place were crowded with people. The church itself also held a large congregation of privileged persons. The bridegroom arrived at a quarter to eleven o'clock, and proceeded up the nave to the front of the altar, escorted by his friends, who appeared small beside him, and there awaited the arrival of the bride, who made her appearance shortly afterwards. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. Rupert Cochrane, M.A., of St. George's, Hanover-square, after which the wedded couple signed the register in the vestry. Millie Christine, "the two-headed Nightingale," was present, and occupied a position near the altar-rail during the ceremony. As the bride and bridegroom left the church, "The Wedding March" was played on the organ, and they were warmly cheered by the assembled crowd outside.

A mixed committee of Protestant and Roman Catholic gentlemen has been formed in Ireland, for the purpose of purchasing from the Irish Church Commissioners, and securing from further decay, the well-known "Rock of Cashel," with the ultimate view of restoring the now roofless Cathedral of St. Patrick for public worship, and preserving King Cormac's Chapel.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Rook Shooting.

We suppose none other than a sportsman—*nascitur non fit*—should attempt to play the showman to a picture like that which occupies our 241st page. Who else can discourse of the pastime with the right ring of enthusiasm? The author of the "Oakleigh Shooting Code" speaks with a certain fine contempt of the "prejudice" which exists in some counties against firing at young rooks on the ground that the birds, having no appreciation of the amusement, are likely to be driven to seek other quarters and to leave the good old rookery without rooks. This master of shooting does not quite believe that the aversion of the birds for sport will carry them such lengths. He thinks the same families will reappear on the same trees year after year, though the day of slaughter returns with fatal regularity every spring and a large proportion of the newly-fledged progeny of the season are brought to the ground and converted into pies. But, in order to meet the prejudice and to cheat the rooks, he suggests that where there exists any fear of frightening away these tenants of tree-tops the sportsman may arm himself with an air-gun and fire with balls. This device, he tells us, is frequently resorted to, and some young sportsmen even resume that primitive weapon of offence, the cross-bow, wherewith the skilful serfs of Old Britain brought down birds of many sorts for the baron's larder in the days before gunpowder and fowling-pieces were thought of. The sportsmen in our picture, however, are of the modern sort, and they fire away at the young rooks with powder and shot, without "prejudice," making quite a heavy bag. The unlearned in the mystery of the different sorts of sport, looking at the swarm of birds on the branches of these trees waiting to be killed, would be apt to imagine that the artist had made a mistake. On first thought it seems unreasonable that the rooks did not all scurry off at the sound of the earliest shot. But it is the peculiarity of rook-shooting that the birds usually remain on the branches to be picked off one by one by the marksmen. Not that the rook is an exceptionally stupid creature; but these are mere chickens, as yet unversed in the art of flying. The month of May is the season for this sport, when the brood have just learned to hop out of their nests and to steady themselves, by the aid of their infantile wings, upon the boughs. On wet and windy days they keep within their nests, and that is not the time for shooting; but on warm, sunshiny days the elm tops are alive with them, and then out comes the young sportsman to try his aim. On account of the simplicity of the work, rook shooting is regarded as sport for the young beginner, learning to handle the gun. The young birds sit tolerably still, not far from the nest, and all that is needed in order to hit them is a steady aim. But the shot must be heavy, carried by a good charge of powder, or the rooklet will not come down. For if he is only wounded with small shot he is likely to cling to the boughs by his claws, and if he dies he will still remain suspended in the tree-top. If the shooting takes place, however, a little later in the season, when the young birds begin to gather strength, the best fledged and the strongest on the wing will not remain to be shot at time after time. They will make a desperate attempt at flying, and alight on lower trees or hedges at a distance, "where," says the learned sportsman whom we have quoted, "the tyro flushes them, and they afford good sport to young men learning to shoot birds on the wing."

The sportsmen under these elms are a party from the old Tudor hall close by. They seem to have fluttered a large number of young birds out of their nests and are making easy havoc of them. No doubt there is a skilful cook at that pleasantly situated country house, who is a mistress of the art of making rook-pie, having had her larder furnished many a spring from the tall avenue outside—if it is true that the rooks do not desert their old quarters by reason of the *penchant* of the neighbouring country gentlemen for sport. Among the luxuries of the table, rook-pie is not a universal favourite; but there are many votaries of choice English fare who have learned to discover a certain excellence in almost every wild bird that is brought down by the Englishman's gun, and to these a young rook well dressed is a choice morsel.

Education and Pauperism.

No doubt the majority of the inmates of our workhouses and gaols are either wholly illiterate or persons of very imperfect education. The country hopes, not without good reason, to diminish to a large extent the numbers of the vicious, the improvident, and the unfortunate, by the operation of the Elementary Education Act, through the instrumentality of the School Boards. But all our people will not be good nor will the whole population become prosperous when we have succeeded in giving some sort of education to every child. There will be learned criminals and well-educated paupers then as now.

The Kent papers furnish a noteworthy example of education in the workhouse. Among the inmates of the Canterbury Union House is a man named Leake, who was admitted in 1868, and has remained there since that time. A week or two ago there was a vacancy in the workhouse for a schoolmaster, and the Canterbury Guardians, after inquiry into the qualifications of a number of candidates, decided to appoint Leake to the office. We believe the election has not yet been confirmed by the Poor Law Board, and the incident has excited a good deal of controversy. The following paragraph from the *Rochester and Chatham Journal* will indicate the feeling with which the selection of a pauper to be a schoolmaster is viewed in some quarters:—

> "The election of a pauper inmate of the Canterbury Workhouse to the post of schoolmaster is an act that the Poor Law Board authorities will not be likely to endorse. It is very clear that a man who is considered to possess sufficient learning to educate pauper youth, who is hale and hearty and not bowed down by years, should not become chargeable to a union. The person in question, however, has thought proper to do so—no doubt as a matter of convenience rather than necessity, and this proceeding alone eminently disqualifies him for the office to which he has been elected. The selection of Leake, too, will entail a burden upon the ratepayers, and is unfair to those candidates—properly qualified—who offered themselves. In the first case because no money allowance is granted by Government to an uncertificated schoolmaster; and secondly, from the fact that the claims of those who have plodded on for years, in order to qualify themselves as teachers, are disregarded. It is satisfactory to know that steps have been taken which will, no doubt, result in annulling this objectionable proceeding."

A curious dispute has arisen in connection with the case. Leake, though evidently not disposed to fight the battle of life, on even terms with the host of competitors, for a living abroad, was desirous of being chosen schoolmaster in the workhouse which had become his home, and he represented his age to be no more than forty-six when he put forward his claims as a candidate. But it subsequently transpired that, on his admission into the house three years ago, he represented himself to be fifty-four. The discrepancy is considerable, and it has led to an inquiry. At the last meeting of the Canterbury Incorporation, in the course of a discussion on this point, Mr. Dance, one of the guardians, said:—

> "The whole matter was very easily explained. Leake stated that when he came into the house he was advised to say he was older than he was, so as to secure the better scale of diet. His present age was fifty, so that really there was only a difference of a year, inasmuch as he was only forty-seven when he came in the house."

We give two or three other extracts from the discussion:—

> "Mr. Rayner thought that they should at once put the Poor Law authorities in possession of the correct age of Leake.
>
> "Mr. Coppin said after Leake had come before them under false representations they could not put any trust in his statements.
>
> "Mr. Rayner said they must ask the Poor Law Board not to verify the appointment yet."
>
> "Mr. Hall: We cannot dictate to the Poor Law Board.
>
> "Mr. Rayner: But I suppose we can deceive them. I shall move that Leake be sent for. If I was him I should face the lot of you.
>
> "It was unanimously resolved that Leake should be requested to produce his certificate at the next meeting, and that the Poor Law Board should be asked to stay their decision upon the appointment in consequence of a misstatement of Leake's age."

This strikes us, altogether, as a curious little incident in the history of modern pauperism. In the days before the passing of the new Poor Law, a pauper's life was sufficiently desirable to prevent many an able-bodied man from trying to get work; but times are changed now, and we should not have expected to find a strong, healthy, and well-educated man between forty and fifty years of age giving up the world once for all and settling down to workhouse life and Poor Law diet. We so far agree with the *Rochester Journal* as to think that the facts do not testify in favour of this candidate for a public appointment.

Town Improvement.

The public spirit displayed in the making of street and architectural improvements in some of our large towns is not exceeded, and sometimes not equalled, by that of the metropolis. Londoners, after an absence of a few years, are wont to remark upon the stupendous changes which have been wrought in many of the chief streets and public places; but he who knows England well, and has known it for any considerable period, will acknowledge that the great populations in many counties, and even the local authorities of a large number of small towns, have displayed enterprise not beaten in its degree by that of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

We have an example this week to quote. A Town Council meeting was held on Monday, at Leeds, and here is a summary, from the editorial columns of the *Leeds Mercury*, of a portion of the proceedings:—

> "At a meeting yesterday of the Leeds Town Council, a large sum was granted for completing various improvements in the borough. For making a new thoroughfare from York-street to East-street and the extension of Kirkgate Market (this rendering necessary the demolition, amongst other property, of twenty-seven low lodging-houses, which have long been known as the hotbeds of fever), a sum not exceeding £67,500 was granted. For widening Call-lane on the west side £7,500 was allowed; £1,020 for widening the corner of Call-lane and the old Rotation-office-yard; £2,500 for the purchase of land (2,249 square yards), including the York Tavern, in York-street; £1,000 for 350 yards for the widening of Woodhouse-lane on the east and west sides; and £25,000 for the property required for the improvement of Duncan-street. It was recommended that a sum not exceeding £30,000 should be voted for the purchase of the property known as Quebec, for widening the street opposite the Wellington Station; but, after some discussion, this was referred back to the committee."

These resolutions were followed by another, the effect of which was to commit the Corporation to the purchase, at great cost, of the last toll-bar in the borough, in order to make free to the public the last of the public avenues hitherto barred. Costly as are these public improvements, they are of the sort that will pay the ratepayers well for the outlay in the end. London had long since set the example of buying up the ordinary tolls, but there are yet some bridges over the Thames which ought to be set free.

Demand and Supply.

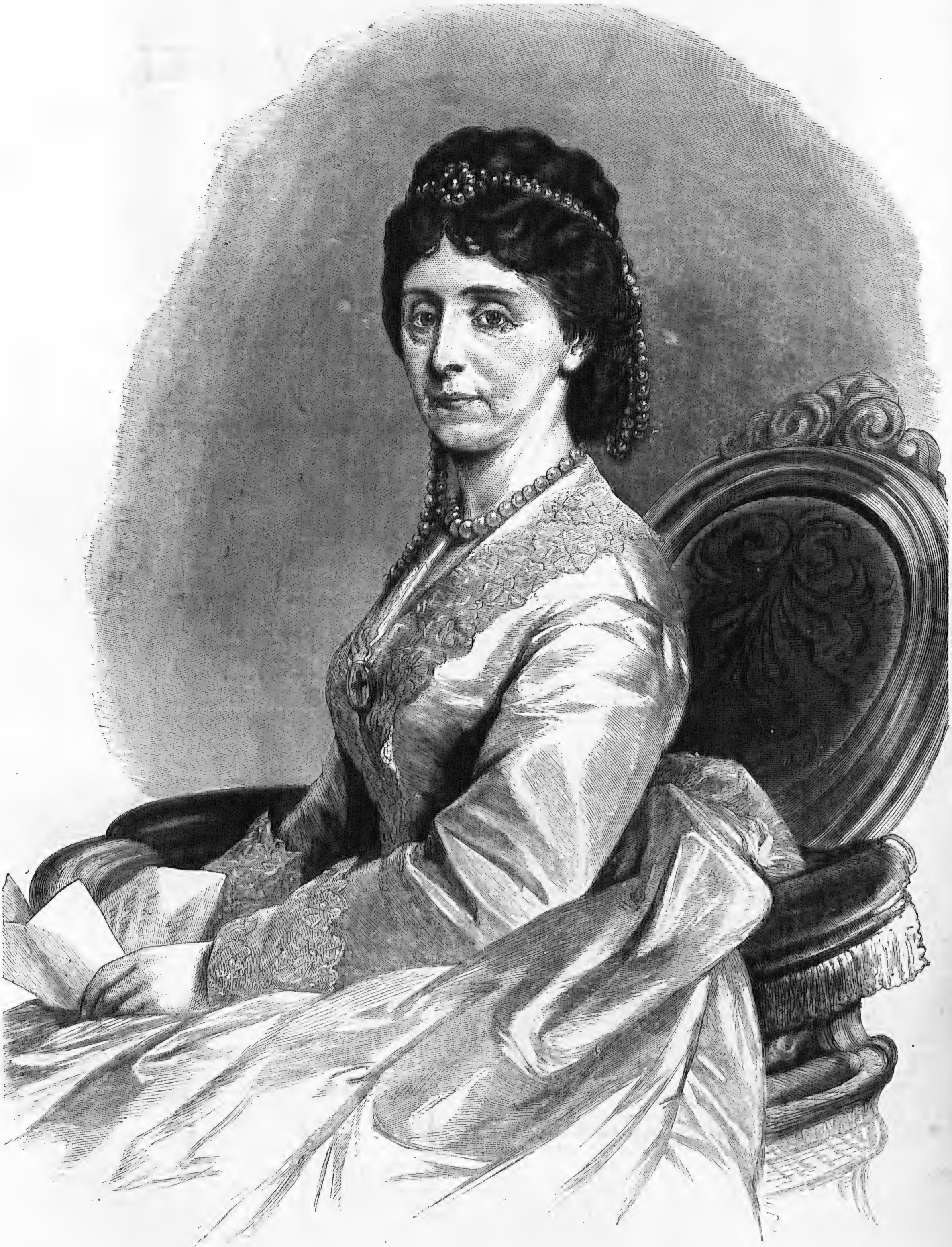
We wonder whether a single well-authenticated instance could be quoted in which, in a large community, the ordinary purchasers of a given article of consumption have resolved to compel a reduction in price by refusing to purchase that article—and have succeeded. The threat has very often been held out, and the attempt has been many a time made; but we are inclined to believe the compact has never been sufficiently well observed, and that the vendor has always come off victorious. Therefore, though our sympathies are very much with a correspondent of the *Rochdale Observer*, who addresses the editor on the subject of the price of meat and milk, we have no hope that his scheme of bringing the graziers and farmers to more reasonable terms will be successful. We will, however, place his complaint and his suggestion before a wider constituency than that to which he appeals:—

> "Butchers are now asking 11d. and 11½d. per lb. for beef and mutton—even from the neck of the latter—while rump steaks are quite beyond the reach of any ordinary working man, being 1s. 2d. and 1s. 3d. per lb. If things go on in this way we shall very soon have to place our money on one end of the scale and the meat on the other. Who is to blame for this state of things? Not the butcher so much, I believe, as is generally thought; in my opinion the farmer is more to blame than the butcher. A friend of mine the other day overheard a butcher trying to bargain with a farmer for two beasts, for which he (the farmer) wanted forty-eight pounds. The butcher said that fifteen years ago he could have purchased three beasts equal in weight and quality for the same money, or even less. The farmer is, in my opinion, reaping large profits at the present time from his beasts, to say nothing about the price of milk, as spoken of by a correspondent in your last issue. Something ought to be done at once to see if the constantly increasing charges for the above cannot be checked. I have an idea that if a general determination to abstain as much as possible from the aforesaid articles was put into force for two or three weeks, we should soon see the prices lower than they are at present. For my part I am determined that I will not purchase one ounce more than I am compelled to do, and some whom I have spoken to about it say the same. My chief motive in writing is to ask that some abler pen than mine will take the matter up, and let us try if something cannot be done to lessen the price of such articles, the charges for which are becoming a very serious item in household expenditure."

Very different is the tone of a correspondent in quite another part of the country, who finds that increased railway facilities have begun to supply an inland town with edibles erewhile only known to the dwellers in seaports. The newspaper in this case is the *Hereford Journal*, and thus speaks a gentleman who signs himself "Three A'Porth:"—

> "Matters are mending for Hereford. Opportunities are looking up. Those who have been longing for cheap luxuries may clap their hands. The privileges that make happy the inhabitants of other cities are making their way to Hereford. Discoveries in the world of nature are pregnant with local interest. The city that sits upon the Wye has long been asking why the children of her bosom and beauty should pine, and pine to no purpose, for mussels and winkles and cockles—for the 'lily-white mussels, the pet periwinkles, and Scarborough cockles'—for the dainties which Dickens immortalised in his best works—which no Cockney housekeeper treats with indifference, and without which a Metropolitan tea, a cozy at Greenwich, or a pic-nic at Gravesend, would be broth minus pepper and salt. Oysters, which were once a very common comeatable, have dwindled away to the palaces; but cockles are equally fish, equally plump, equally feeding, and as readily fed. To those who are open to conviction, their flavour is equally royal. One drawback only, and that rather fancied than real, is fatal to their general esteem; they are 'only three halfpence a quart.' But this may be soon got over. Hereford is not a place destitute of sympathy for the dissatisfied. Vendors may very easily accommodate themselves to a local prejudice, an affection for high prices. Or (who can tell?) it may be that a revolution in the fish-market—which appears to be a fashion from Paris—may convert us to foreign ideas. One thing is clear, the high price of meat is no bar to the indulgence of our animal propensities. If we can't afford a shilling for a tuck-in, we can have a blow-out for twopence. If the dinner be denuded of its flesh, we can clothe all the platters with fish; and we can have cockles and winkles and mussels, and mussels and winkles and cockles, at every meal. There is also another little stranger among us: you had the name, though not the article exactly, in your 'hundred years ago' number of the *Journal*. That name is 'wilkes.' I mention it last because it is least in esteem, and seldom rises to the level, even on a London table, of winkles and mussels and cockles. (N.B.—Cockles and winkles and mussels are much more nutritious than shrimps, crabs, and lobsters; and, like local butter, will keep a great deal longer.) Don't boil your cockles: eat them raw, if you can, as cannibals eat oysters. If you lack the more primitive courage, apply a merciful quantity of boiling water. If there be then an inquiring look-out on the part of your prey, a wide welcome will be presented and the pepper and vinegar may follow. If you must have them boiled, be careful not to boil them hard."

There is a philosophy about this writer that pleases us. Who knows but his suggestions may be more valuable than that of the gentleman at Rochdale, and better calculated to reduce the price of beef and mutton? If not, the influx of cockles may perhaps tend to reduce the price of oysters, and for that blessing there are many thousands who would be thankful.



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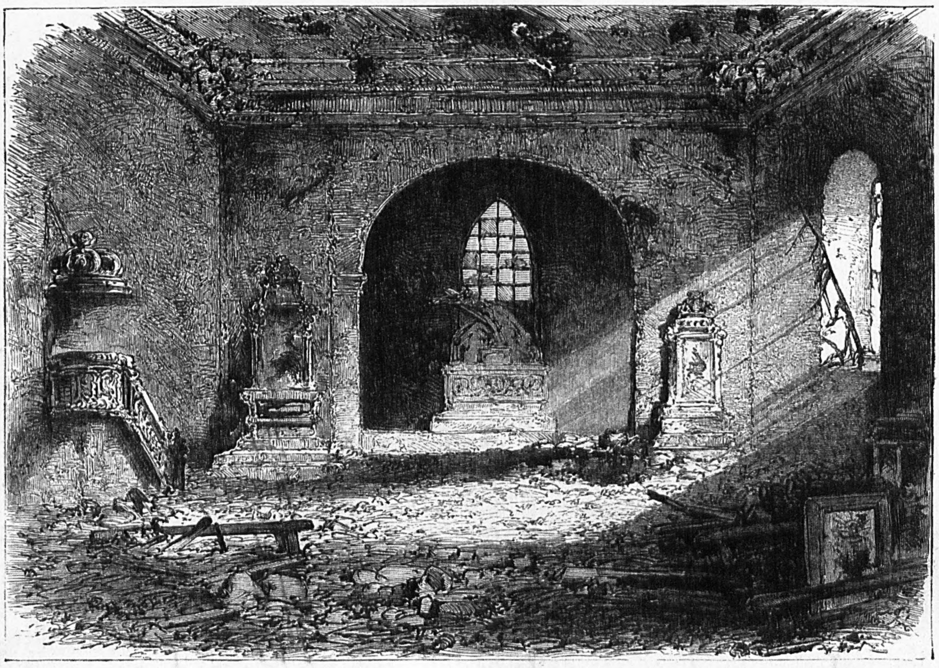

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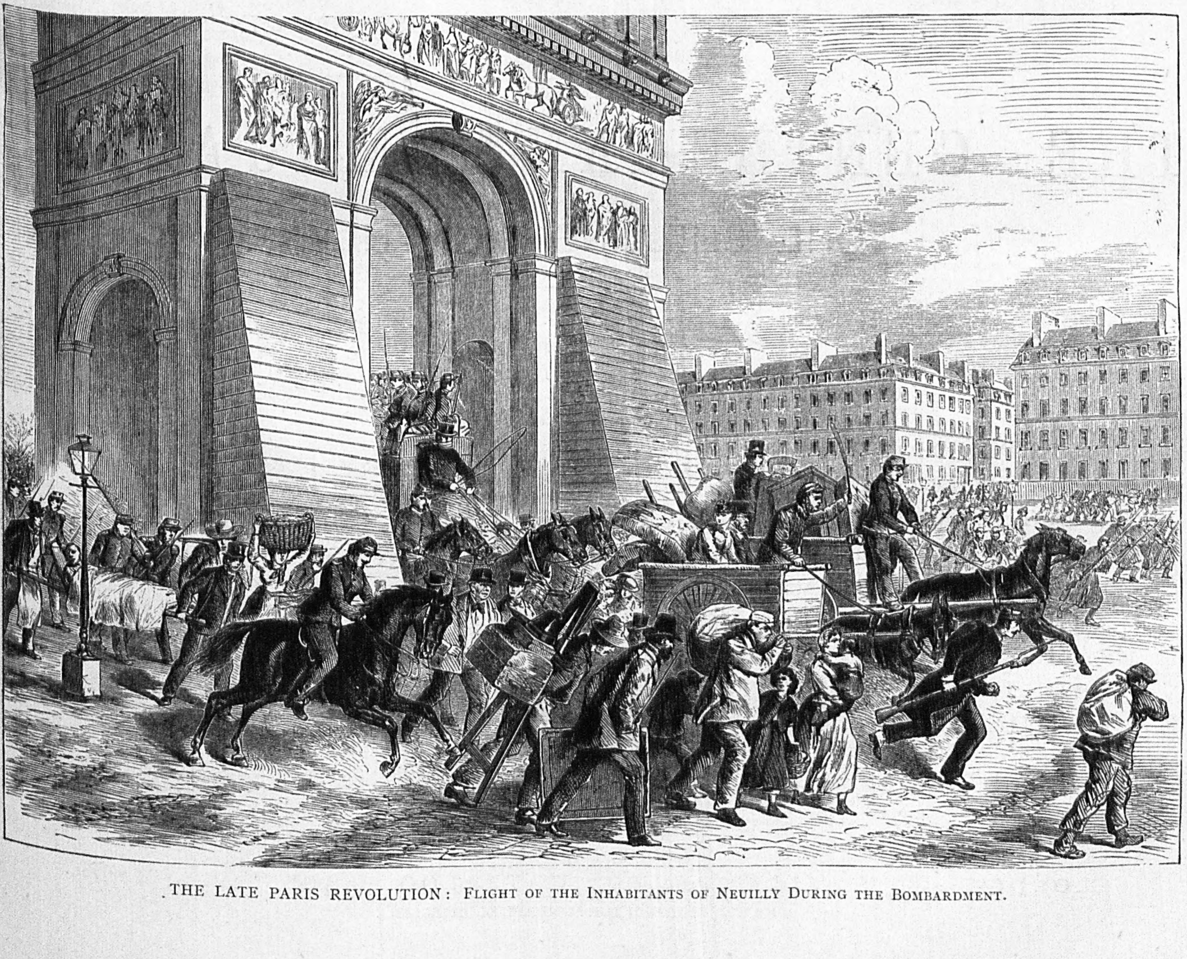

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MR. WILLIAM J. WATSON,
SURGEON DENTIST
(Many years Assistant to Mr. ESKELL, of Bennett's-hill),

Supplies every description of Artificial Teeth and Gums so largely advertised, at about one-third of the usual charges, being the *actual maker*.

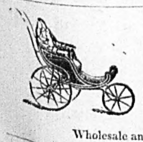
SINGLE TEETH FROM 3s. 6d.,
SETS FROM £2 10s., INCLUDING ALL CHARGES.

Only address, [40
16, *NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.*

TO CLEAN AND PRESERVE THE TEETH USE HAMPSON'S

FLUODENTINE, or LIQUID DENTIFRICE. Three or four drops on the moistened brush is sufficient for one application. It cleanses the enamel, hardens the gums, and sweetens the breath. Invaluable to Smokers. See Dr. Hassall's Report and Medical Testimonials. Sold in bottles at 1s. 6d., 3s., and 5s. each, by Chemists and Perfumers generally, and by R. HAMPSON, Chemist, 63, Piccadilly, Manchester.

BIRMINGHAM AGENT:
ARBLASTER, LATE CHRISTIAN. [934



LLOYD & CO.,
157, ISLINGTON,
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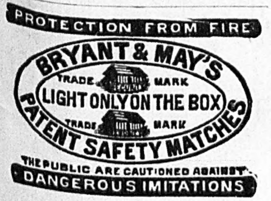
Patentees and Manufacturers of Perambulators, and Bath Chairs of every description.

Wholesale and Retail. [269



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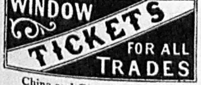
BIRMINGHAM.
JEWELLERS' & PAWNBROKERS'
CELEBRATED WINDOW MARKS.

An Endless Variety for Stationers', Tobacconists' and Fancy Trades.



First-class Tickets for Birmingham and Sheffield Goods.

China and Glass Warehouses, Grocers, Drapers, and Outfitters. The most effective and cheapest ever produced.

Largest variety in the world from 6d. the gross. [138

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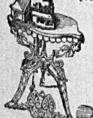
SEWING MACHINES,
UNEQUALLED FOR FAMILY USE.



THE ALBERTA 5 GUINEA SILENT LOCK-STITCH.

With Square Stand, 6 gs. With Ornamental Bronzed Stand, 6½ gs.

THE EXCELSIOR,
With Stand . . . . . 6 gs.
Hand Machines from 30s.
First-class Lock-Stitch, from 63s.

WHIGHT & MANN, 143, Holborn Bars, London.
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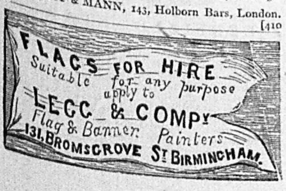


SCOTTISH COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING.
HEAD OFFICE: 28, St. Vincent Place, Glasgow.
LONDON OFFICE: 8, Moorgate Street, E.C.
Chairman—ALEXANDER CRUM, Esq., of Thornliebank.

ABSTRACT FROM REPORTS OF 1870 AND 1871, SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

1870.		1871.
£36,165 8 10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139 2 0
27,554 3 4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243 16 10
13,111 11 1	Losses	22,766 17 7
7,555 10 6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336 11 2
17,067 10 4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869 14 2
68,492 10 4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294 14 2

APPLICATION FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

FRED. J. HALLOWS, *Manager*.

May, 1871. [370

BRADEN AND COMPANY'S
SUPERIOR

PREPARED GROATS. PREPARED BARLEY.	For making pure Gruel and Barley Water in Ten Minutes, without the trouble of straining, in 3d. and 6d. packets, and 1s. canisters.
PREPARED PEAS FLOUR.	For making delicious Soup in Ten Minutes, in 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., packets, and 1s. canisters.
BRADEN'S BAKING POWDER. UNADULTERATED.	Puddings without eggs, Bread without Yeast, Pastry Light and Wholesome, and with less Butter.
BRADEN'S EGG POWDER.	One Penny Packet equal to Nine Eggs.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS, CORNDEALERS, OILMEN, AND DRUGGISTS.

MANUFACTORY—STEAM MILLS, WHITE'S GROUNDS, S.E. [251

APPLIED **NEURALINE.** EXTERNALLY.

THE INSTANT CURE FOR
TIC-DOLOREUX, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, TOOTH-ACHE, RHEUMATISM, AND ALL NERVE PAINS.

Prepared by LEATH & ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, corner of Doctors' Commons, and 9, Vere Street, W.; and sold by all Patent Medicine Vendors.

Price 1s. 1½d., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 9d. per bottle.

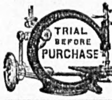
The Cuts show Nerve-centres, and where Neuraline should be applied.

[241

MR. J. SWINSON,
DENTIST,
SOLIHULL.

Attendance daily. Hours, from 10 till 6. [80

WILLCOX AND GIBBS'
SILENT
SEWING MACHINE.



MACHINES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

Machines on Hire.

T. S. TONGUE,
Sole Agent,
3, BULL STREET,
BIRMINGHAM [426

BOWATERS' PRIZE ARTIFICIAL TEETH defy all Competition for NATURAL APPEARANCE, MASTICATION, ARTICULATION, and COMFORT. Teeth fixed from 5s. [illegible] Tooth, including all charges.

W. BOWATER, Surgeon Dentist, &c., 142, Broad Street, Birmingham.

BOWATER'S TOOTH-ACHE SPECIFIC, in Bottles, 6d. and 1s. each; by Post, 7 or 14 stamps.
[573

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.—The excruciating pain of Gout or Rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated Medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.

They require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or obtained through any Chemist. [287

DIGESTION PROMOTED BY PEPSINE,
Prepared by T. MORSON, and recommended by the Medical Profession.
Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. 6d. by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers,
THOMAS MORSON & SON,
124, Southampton Row, W.C., London.
See name on label. [408

THE BLOOD PURIFIER.

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA. This extraordinary medicine has a singular influence over the blood, which it enriches and purifies. It removes all pimples and blotches, purifies the system, and acts like a charm. As a sustaining and purifying tonic it is invaluable, and highly recommended in long-standing cases of indigestion, nervousness, coughs, scrofula, gout, dropsy, and wasting of flesh. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—Get the red and blue wrapper, with the Doctor's head in the centre. No other genuine. In bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., and 11s.

THE OLD DR.'S SARSAPARILLA PILLS

Are the most popular medicine known for all bilious affections, liver and stomach complaints, and indigestion, as proved by thousands.

ALSO SARSAPARILLA OINTMENT,

The best soother of all sores, burns, and scalds; each in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 15, 30, and 60 stamps. [283

Chief Depot—131, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

SWINDEN AND SONS,
(Established 1825,)
27, TEMPLE STREET, BIRMINGHAM,
Wholesale, Retail, and for Exportation,

Invite an inspection of their new stock of high-class Coloured Gold Jewellery.

Drawing-room Gilt Clocks and Dining-room Marble Clocks, Cuckoo Clocks and Vienna Regulators for Halls.

Bed-room and Kitchen Clocks.

Presentation Clocks and Gold and Silver Watches of every description.

A large and choice assortment of Musical Boxes now on hand. [394

WM. CARVER'S DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES are unequalled for quality, durability, and prices.

Works and Show Rooms, PARK STREET, CHEETHAM HILL ROAD, MANCHESTER. [395

SINGING!!!

'Twas all my fancy painted it,
'Twas lovely and did shine;
I'll go and get another,
But not a four-and-nine.

BEST VALUE AND VARIETY EVER OFFERED.

GLOBE HAT WAREHOUSES,
101A and 70, NEW STREET. [946

ESTABLISHED 1802.

R. SYSON,
HOSIER, GLOVER, SHIRT MAKER, AND LADIES' OUTFITTER.
85, *NEW STREET*
(OPPOSITE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS),
190] BIRMINGHAM.

CAUTION.—BETT'S PATENT CAPSULES. The Public are respectfully Cautioned that BETT'S PATENT CAPSULES are being INFRINGED by importations from abroad. Bett's Name is upon every Capsule he makes for leading Merchants at home and abroad.

1, Wharf Road, City Road, London, April 8, 1868.
And Bordeaux, France. [252

DINING & LUNCHEON ROOMS.

THE STORES.
TOP OF NEW STREET
(Opposite the Town Hall),
BIRMINGHAM.
J. HILLMAN, Proprietor.

Gentlemen Dining at this Establishment will find every comfort that a large and well-fitted Dining Room can afford.

HOT JOINTS, FISH, SOUPS, &c.,
FROM TWELVE TILL FOUR.

Ales and Dublin Stout of the finest quality. Wines and Spirits of the best brands. [209

BEST SILKS ONLY.

CHAPMAN'S IMPERIAL BLACK SILKS.

CHAPMAN'S
IMPERIAL
BLACK-SILKS
WARRANTED

The increasing demand for these unequalled goods and the testimonials continually received from all parts of the world have induced us to have our registered trade mark stamped upon each dress.

The prices vary from 3½ to 6 Guineas, the full Robe of 12 yards, and *We hold ourselves responsible for the wear of every such Dress bearing our name.*

MANUFACTURERS AND MERCERS, LONDON AND LYONS.

ESTABLISHED 1845.

LONDON ADDRESS FOR PATTERNS:
CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL, W.

We have at the present time several thousand pounds' worth of these unrivalled silks.

MR. CHAPMAN'S BLACK SILKS.—"We have inspected some specimens of Mr. Chapman's (of Notting Hill) Imperial Black Silks, and have been much pleased with their colour and quality. They are made in a peculiar manner, the warp and woof being similar, which ensures durability. In fact, Mr. Chapman guarantees the wear of all the peculiar make of silk known as the Imperial. Our subscribers can only procure this make of silk from Mr. Chapman, as he has secured the entire production of the Lyons firm manufacturing the particular style of goods in question. The 'guarantee' speaks highly for the 'Imperial Silks.'"—*Queen, January 7, 1871.* [300

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.

[218

JOHN NEILUS,

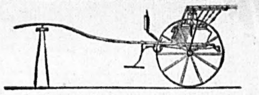
GENERAL DECORATOR,
5, *MOAT ROW*, *SMITHFIELD*,

BIRMINGHAM.
Dealer in all kinds of Paper Hangings. [127

PATENT METALLIC AIR-TIGHT COFFINS, combining all the advantages of Wood Shell, and Lead and Oak Coffins can be obtained *at once* on application to the Head Office of the

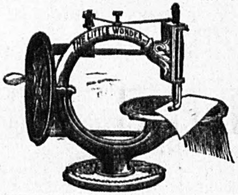
PATENT METALLIC AIR-TIGHT COFFIN COMPANY,
158, *GREAT CHARLES STREET*,
BIRMINGHAM.
Prices, &c., sent post free. [503

CUBIT'S ELIXIR OF STRENGTH.—A Cure for INDIGESTION, WIND, SPASMS, HEADACHE, BILIOUS LIVER COMPLAINTS: removing all Eruptions, Pimples, Freckles, and restoring to the pale countenance a beautiful, clear, healthy, and blooming appearance. Sold in cases at 33s., 22s., 11s., 4s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and small size 1s. 1½d. each, by Barclay, Farringdon Street; Kernot, Chrisp Street, Poplar; Butler, 4, Cheapside; Sanger, 150, Oxford Street; Edwards, 38, Old Change; and all Chemists. Any size sent free safely by post on receipt of stamps by Dr. CUBIT, 6, Chrisp Street, Poplar, London, E. [298



FORDER & CO.'S CELEBRATED LIGHT GIGS. Weight, 3 cwt. In stock: ready to take home with you. These Gigs are built of the very best materials, steel forgings, hickory wheels, double riveted, bent felloes, best lancewood shafts, lamps, best india-rubber apron, best cloth cushions, driving box, patent whip socket, mail patent axle with solid flaps, rubber blocks in ends of springs. Price £31 10s. nett. Warranted twelve months.—CARRIAGE WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON. [150

SLATER & CO.'S
LITTLE WONDER LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES.
BOTH SIDES ALIKE, £3 3s.



REDUCTION IN PRICE OF SEWING MACHINES, with all the latest Improvements. The Wheeler and Wilson's, £5 10s.; No. 2 Howe's, £6 10s.; No. 2 Thomas's, £7; Patching Machines, for Repairing Old Boots, or general work, £8. Any other make repaired or altered. Second-hand Machines, £2.—N.B. Slater and Co.'s Manufactory, 18 and 19, Edmund Street, near the Town Hall. [36

EPILEPSY or EPILEPTIC FITS.—W. and J. TAYLOR'S celebrated ANTI-EPILEPTIC MEDICINE effects a speedy and permanent cure of this dreadful disease. It is perfectly harmless, and has a wonderful power of soothing and allaying that irritation and excitement so incidental to epileptics. Bottles, 3s. 6d. each.—W. & J. Taylor, 74, Brunswick Street, Hackney Road, London, E.; or by order of any chemist. [250

MATHER'S ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM, extracted from the choicest rose-leaves, removes scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of pomades) to the hair, and prevents baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.—Sold by all chemists in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each—WILLIAM MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate St., London, E.C.; 19, Hanging Ditch, and 106, Chester Road, Manchester.

MATHER'S ROYAL BALSAMIC PLAISTERS (as supplied to the Army and Navy at Scutari Hospital).—Sold by all chemists at 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 8d. each. Caution: Every plaister has the proprietor's signature, trade-mark, and address on the back.

MATHER'S IMPROVED INFANTS' FEEDING BOTTLES, WITH EARTHENWARE FITTINGS. The cheapest ever introduced, and universally admitted to be the most simple, cleanly, and durable.—Sold by all Chemists, at 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. each.

(Established 40 Years.)

STANTON'S CELEBRATED COUGH PILLS are universally acknowledged to be the best for the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs.—W. MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, and 109, Chester Road, Manchester. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

CAUTION.—"W. MATHER, Chester-road, Manchester," on the Government stamp round every box. Sent Post Free for 16 Stamps. [277

FREE TRIAL AT HOME.

WHY NOT SEND

FOR THE WILLCOX AND GIBBS

SILENT SEWING MACHINE,

FOR A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL

IN YOUR OWN HOME?

If you reply, Because we fear we may be induced to buy a Machine we do not like; we answer,

YOU ARE PERFECTLY FREE

EITHER TO KEEP OR

RETURN THE MACHINE.

But perhaps you say, If we return the Machine we may feel obliged to take some other instead; to which we answer,

THERE IS NO OBLIGATION TO take any Machine whatever.

But surely, you reply, there is some expense to us attending the Trial?

THERE IS NO CHARGE WHATEVER MADE FOR THE TRIAL, under any circumstances; and the Machine is sent, carriage paid, to the nearest station.

But suppose we should injure the Machine in any way?

IN REQUESTING INTENDING PURCHASERS of MACHINES to make trial of the WILLCOX & GIBBS, *we accept the consequences*, relying on the good faith of applicants; at the same time, it is almost an impossibility for a novice to injure the Machine or get it out of order.

If we send for a Machine on these terms are there any conditions necessary to ensure attention to our order?

APPLICATION SHOULD BE ACCOMPANIED

WITH EITHER REFERENCES OR CASH.

But suppose we send the Cash, and afterwards find the Machine unsuitable for our purpose, or in some way unsatisfactory?

SHOULD THE MACHINE BE RETURNED

AT THE END OF THE TRIAL MONTH,

ANY PAYMENT WHICH HAS BEEN MADE

WILL BE REFUNDED IN FULL.

What advantages attend payment in advance?

PAYMENT IN ADVANCE AVOIDS the necessity of references, and permits the immediate sending of the Machine.

But suppose we prefer to give References rather than to pay in advance?

PAYMENT AFTER TRIAL IS ACCEPTED with equal readiness, provided the References are satisfactory as to applicant's trustworthiness.

What are the easiest terms of payment you offer?

PAYMENT BY MONTHLY INSTALMENTS is also accepted, Five per Cent. being added to amounts not paid at the end of the trial month.

Do you take other Machines in exchange?

MACHINES OF OTHER MAKERS ARE TAKEN IN PART PAYMENT FOR OUR OWN.

Does the Free Trial at Home depend upon the mode of payment?

'THE MONTH'S FREE TRIAL AT HOME is always assured, in whatever manner Payment is to be made.

This is all very satisfactory; but, after all, can we not buy Machines for less money?

CHEAP MACHINES ARE DEAR in the end, costing much for repairs, spoiling much material, wasting much time, and giving no satisfaction.

But is it not more economical to do without Machines at all? Is it not better to do our sewing by hand, as formerly?

TIME IS MONEY, and that which saves time, saves money. There is only one Machine that never wastes time. It is always ready at any moment for any kind of work. Send for it, and see for yourselves.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST FREE.

WILLCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE CO.,

150, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
135, REGENT ST., W.
LONDON. [403

ACCIDENTS CAUSE LOSS OF LIFE.
Accidents cause Loss of Time.
ACCIDENTS CAUSE LOSS OF MONEY.

PROVIDE AGAINST ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS by Insuring with the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.

An Annual Payment of £3 to £6 5s. insures £1,000 at Death, or an allowance at the rate of £6 per week for Injury.

£565,000 have been paid as compensation,

ONE out of every TWELVE Annual Policy Holders becoming a claimant EACH YEAR. For particulars apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, to the Local Agents, or at the Offices,

4, CORNHILL, and 10, REGENT ST., LONDON.
WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary. [223

A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL AT HOME.

WILLCOX AND GIBBS' SILENT SEWING MACHINE.

T. S. TONGUE,
3, Bull Street, Birmingham,
Agent. [397

MR. ESKELL, of 8, Grosvenor Street, the Author of "Pure Dentistry, and What it Does for Us," "Painless Tooth Extraction; or, Anæsthesia Locally Applied," "Dental Surgery; a Practical Treatise," "Modern Dentistry; its Principles and Practice," &c., may be CONSULTED DAILY, as hitherto, from ten to four o'clock, at his residence, 8, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square (a few doors from Bond-street).

N.B.—The above works may be obtained of Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, of all Booksellers; or of the Author, post free for 7 stamps each. [231

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and the best mild aperient for delicate constitutions, especially adapted for ladies, children, and infants. DINNEFORD & CO., 172, New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.

Use Dinneford's Friction Gloves and Belts. [225

TO CAPITALISTS.—The undersigned calls the attention of investors to the WEST JEWELL TIN MINING COMPANY (Limited) as a safe and profitable channel for the employment of capital. This property will pay from 15 per cent. per annum and upwards upon present price of shares. The returns of tin continue to increase, and is of excellent quality, realising from £75 to £80 per ton. The West Jewell is situate in the Gwennap district, and surrounded by mines that have returned greater riches than any other portion of the globe. Application for shares to be made to Mr. John R. Pike, No. 3, Crown Chambers, Threadneedle Street, London. [331

CARPETS, CURTAINS, CABINET FURNITURE.

GEO. DIACK, 212 & 213, OXFORD STREET, W., invites public attention to his Stock of Carpets, comprising all the manufactures for Dining-Rooms, Libraries, Drawing-Rooms, and Chambers; to a unique collection of Silk Fabrics from the most approved Factories of Lyons and Spitalfields.

CABINET FURNITURE OF FIRST-CLASS MAKE.

BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING SUITABLE FOR THE MANSION OR COTTAGE.

212 & 213, *OXFORD STREET, LONDON.* [102

ROTTON PARK RESERVOIR, EDGBASTON,

NOW OPEN to SUBSCRIBERS and the PUBLIC generally for

BOATING, &c.

Subscribers' Tickets may be had at the Lodge, Reservoir-road.

265] W. B. WYATT, Proprietor.

INDIGESTION. The Medical Profession adopt MORSON'S PREPARATION OF PEPSINE As the True Remedy. Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. 6d. by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers,

THOMAS MORSON & SON,
124, Southampton Row, W.C., London.
See name on label. [406

FINE Flavoured Strong BEEF TEA, at about 2½d. a pint. Ask for LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.

Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c. [234

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. In use the last 70 Years for INDIGESTION.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, In use the last 70 Years for BILIOUS AFFECTIONS.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, In use the last 70 Years for LIVER COMPLAINTS.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. [248

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.—AGUA AMARELLA restores the human hair to its pristine hue, no matter at what age. J. GOSNELL & CO. have at length, with the aid of one of the most eminent chemists, succeeded in perfecting this wonderful liquid. It is now offered to the public in a more concentrated form, and at a lower price. Sold in bottles at 3s. each, also 5s., 7s. 6d., and 15s. each, including brush.

JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S CHERRY TOOTH PASTE is greatly superior to any Tooth Powder, gives the Teeth a Pearl-like whiteness, protects the enamel from decay, and imparts a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Price 1s. 6d. per pot.—Angel Passage, 93, Upper Thames Street, London [388

SILKS FROM FRANCE—TWO THOUSAND DRESSES at 22s. 6d. each, containing an abundant quantity. They are fashionable, plain colours, brocaded and twilled, made of bright silk, with a small portion of wool, just sufficient to make the fabric excellent for wear. Rich Silks, in Dresses, at 25s. 6d., 31s. 6d., 40s., and 45s. Black Gros Grains, Glacés, and Cords, made of bright Italian Silk, with a warranty for wear, wide width, at 3s. 6½d. per yard. Patterns sent.

HARVEY & CO.,
Lambeth House, Westminster Bridge, S.E.

JAPANESE SILKS, wide, at 2s. 6½d. the yard, in every possible shade of colour; they are of the German make, enriched with plenty of silk, and warranted for wear. Patterns sent.

HARVEY & CO.,
Lambeth House, Westminster Bridge, S.E.

PALADINE CLOTH for DRESSES and COSTUMES, 27in. wide, ten yards for 12s. 6d. The material is very fine, firm, and soft, and one of the latest specimens of exquisite French taste. Colours are mauve, silver, brown, buff, green, slate, blue, lavender, &c.; the tints are perfect, such as hitherto have only been produced in articles of silk; and of the same fabric, nice new dresses, at 7s. 6d., 8s. 9d., and 10s. 9d. This being sacrificed property, it is selling rapidly. Patterns sent.

HARVEY & CO.,
Lambeth House, Westminster Bridge, S.E. [421

CONTINENTAL TASTE.— Messrs. JAY have the honour to announce to their distinguished Customers that, notwithstanding the political confusions which exist in France, the Parisian modistes and couturières are as active as ever, and furnish Messrs. JAY with some of the prettiest and most striking NOVELTIES in COSTUMES, DRESSES, MANTLES, and MILLINERY they have had on show for many years.

JAY'S,
247, 249, 251, REGENT STREET.

CONTINENTAL TASTE.— MANTLES FOR JUNE.

Messrs. JAY have never been better supplied, during their long experience in the importation of Fashions, with Mantles than at the present time. They, therefore, confidently invite their distinguished patronesses and all other ladies to a careful inspection of the same.

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